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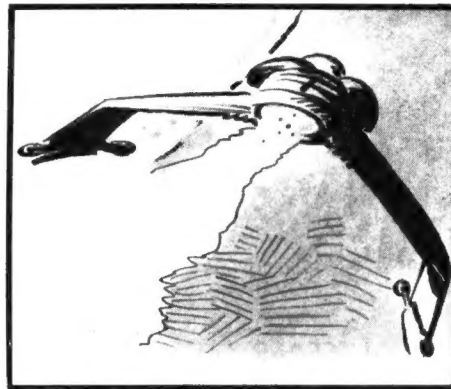
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STAR TREK

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FRONT COVER ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

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Captain Kook! The Superintendent of Planet Omega reports a meteor shower! What should he do?

Tell him to put on his rubbers!



Explorer Woodhull on Asteroid 97-A says his temperature is up to 750 degrees! What do you recommend?

Two aspirins—plenty of liquids—and call me in the morning!



Captain, a space ship just zoomed by on the Visagraph! It appeared to be lost, and I could have sworn I saw June Lockhart at the window!

Lost in space? Impossible! Not on this show! Not on—

"THESE ARE THE VOYAGES OF THE STAR-SHIP 'BOOBY-PRIZE'! ITS MISSION, TO EXPLORE STRANG



What say we beam down to that place where no man has gone before... **"THE PLANET PHI EPSILON NUDIST COLONY FOR WOMEN"?**

That's not what I had in mind when I suggested that we explore some "heavenly bodies", Mr. Spook!

Message from Rama IV, sir! You haven't forgotten them, have you?

Of course not! I remember Rama!

Calling Rama IV! Calling Rama IV! It must be something serious! I'm getting no return signal from them!

Er—try your other arm, Sir! You're talking into your **wristwatch!** The odds are five to one that they'll never hear you through **THAT!**

Oh, yeah!? Well the odds are ten to one that you're gonna get a **belt in the mouth** if you don't stop acting like an **intelligent DONKEY!**

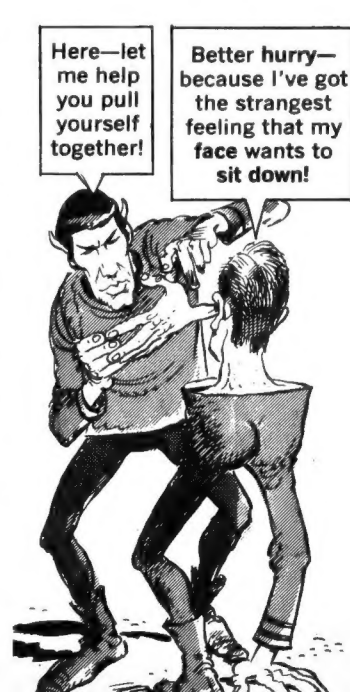
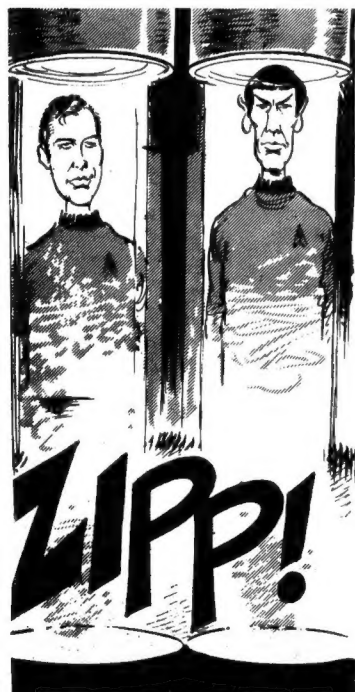
WASTE OF SPACE DEPT.

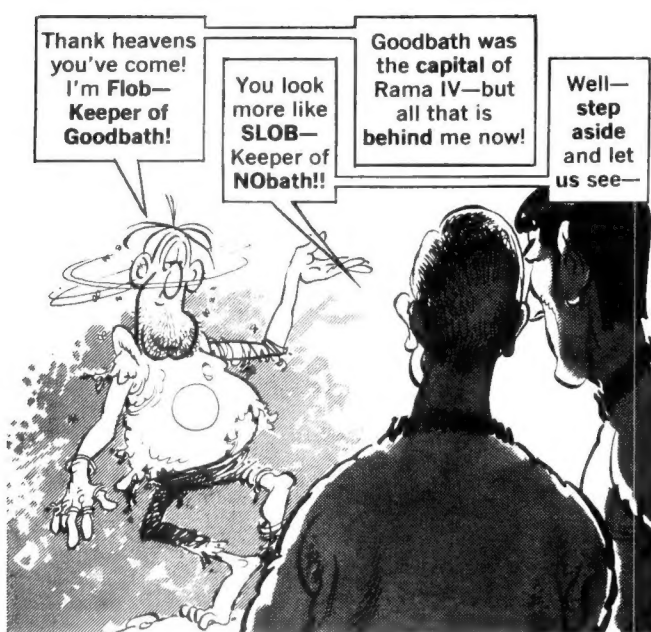
STAR BLECCH

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

NEW WORLDS, TO SEEK OUT NEW LIFE, AND TO BOLDLY GO WHERE NO MAN HAS EVER GONE BEFORE!"



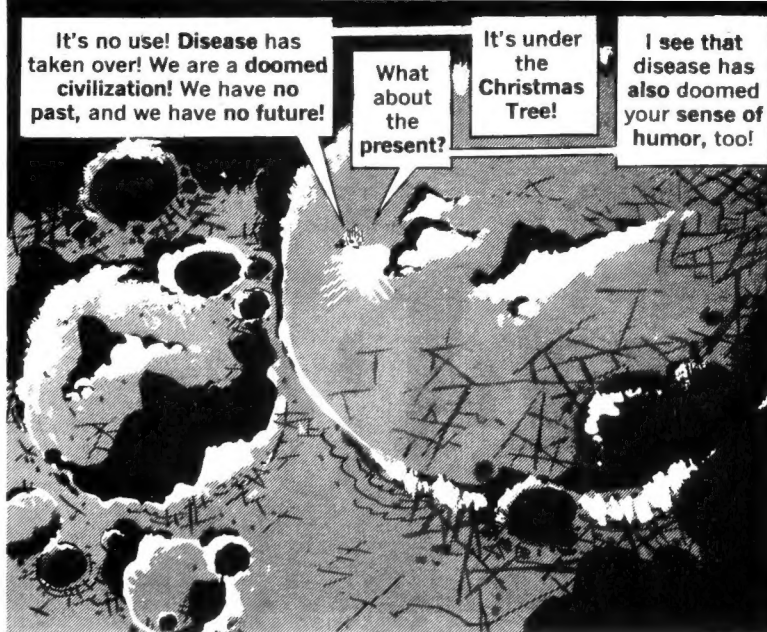


Thank heavens
you've come!
I'm Flob—
Keeper of
Goodbath!

You look
more like
SLOB—
Keeper of
NObath!!

Goodbath was
the capital of
Rama IV—but
all that is
behind me now!

Well—
step
aside
and let
us see—



It's no use! Disease has
taken over! We are a doomed
civilization! We have no
past, and we have no future!

What
about
the
present?

It's under
the
Christmas
Tree!

I see that
disease has
also doomed
your sense of
humor, too!

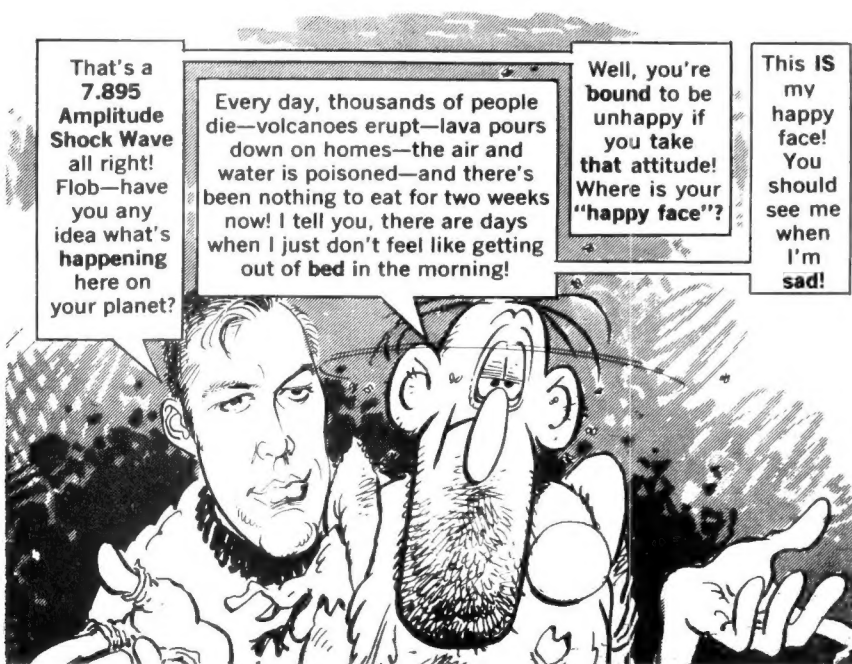


What
in the
world
was
THAT?!

THAT was
a 7.895
Amplitude
Shock Wave!

That big?
Are you
sure?

Positive! Look at
this instrument!
See? The little
hand fell off
Donald Duck!

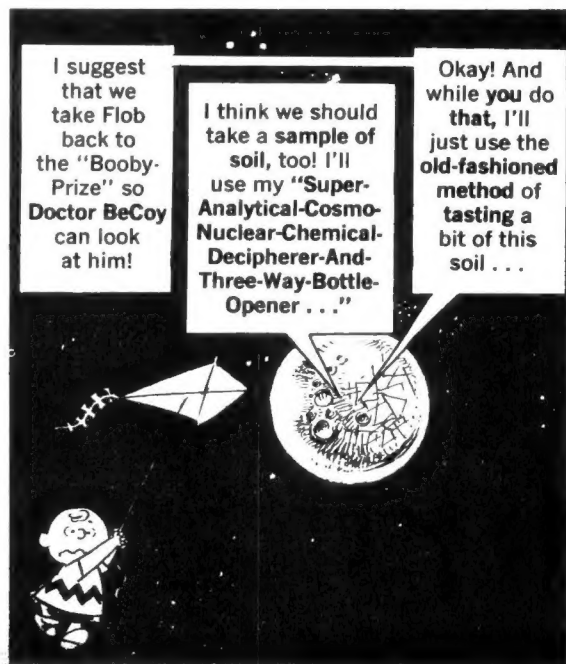


That's a
7.895
Amplitude
Shock Wave
all right!
Flob—have
you any
idea what's
happening
here on
your planet?

Every day, thousands of people
die—volcanoes erupt—lava pours
down on homes—the air and
water is poisoned—and there's
been nothing to eat for two weeks
now! I tell you, there are days
when I just don't feel like getting
out of bed in the morning!

Well, you're
bound to be
unhappy if
you take
that attitude!
Where is your
"happy face"?

This IS
my
happy
face!
You
should
see me
when I'm
sad!



I suggest
that we
take Flob
back to
the "Booby-
Prize" so
Doctor BeCoy
can look
at him!

I think we should
take a sample of
soil, too! I'll
use my "Super-
Analytical-Cosmo-
Nuclear-Chemical-
Decipherer-And-
Three-Way-Bottle-
Opener..."

Okay! And
while you do
that, I'll
just use the
old-fashioned
method of
tasting a
bit of this
soil...



Well, Captain? What conclusions have you come to?

It's not as good as "WHIP 'N' CHILL"—but it does have a very nice flavor!

Well, according to my Deciphering Device, this soil is 10% phosphorous, 30% methyl chloride, 2% picrate and 58% lint with just a hint of mint!

It means it's not as good as "WHIP 'N' CHILL"—but it does have a very nice flavor!!

And just exactly what does that mean?!

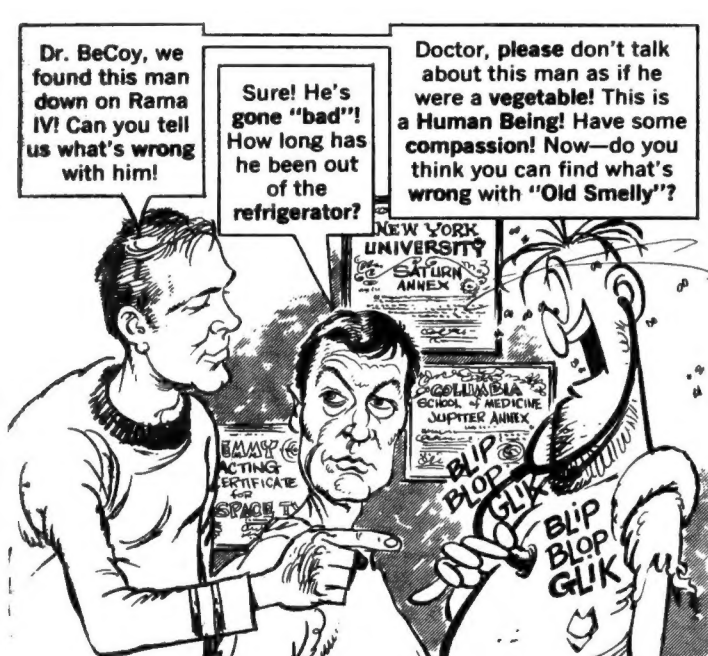


It also means the soil is radio-active!

Which means our lives are in danger! Well, we won't take any chances!

Good! I see you brought the "Anti-Radio-Active Spray"—

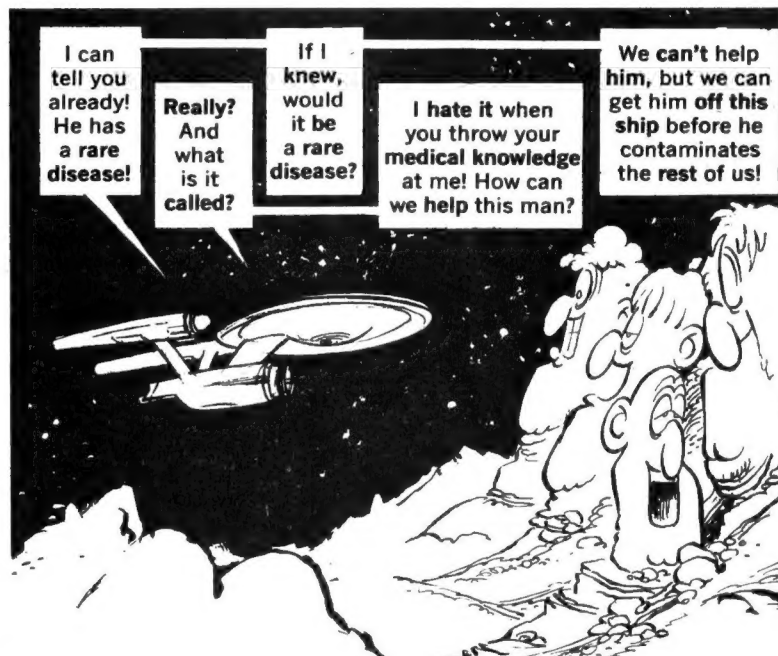
Actually, I picked the wrong can! This is "Ice-Blue Secret"! But it's better than nothing—especially with "No-Bath" here!



Dr. BeCoy, we found this man down on Rama IV! Can you tell us what's wrong with him!

Sure! He's gone "bad"! How long has he been out of the refrigerator?

Doctor, please don't talk about this man as if he were a vegetable! This is a Human Being! Have some compassion! Now—do you think you can find what's wrong with "Old Smelly"?



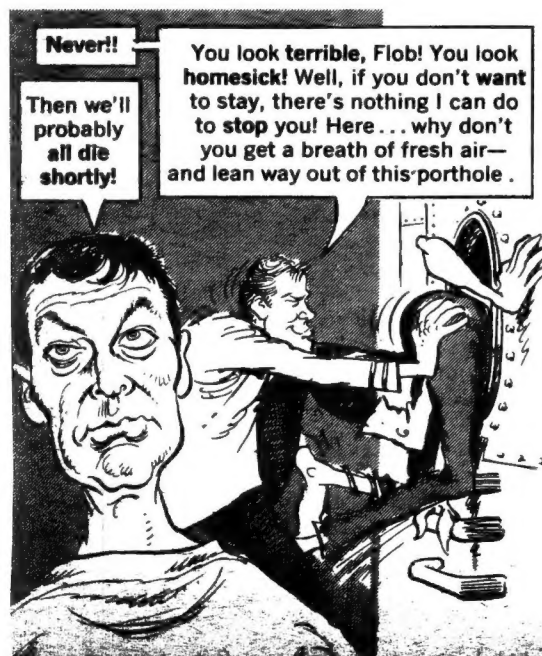
I can tell you already! He has a rare disease!

Really? And what is it called?

If I knew, would it be a rare disease?

I hate it when you throw your medical knowledge at me! How can we help this man?

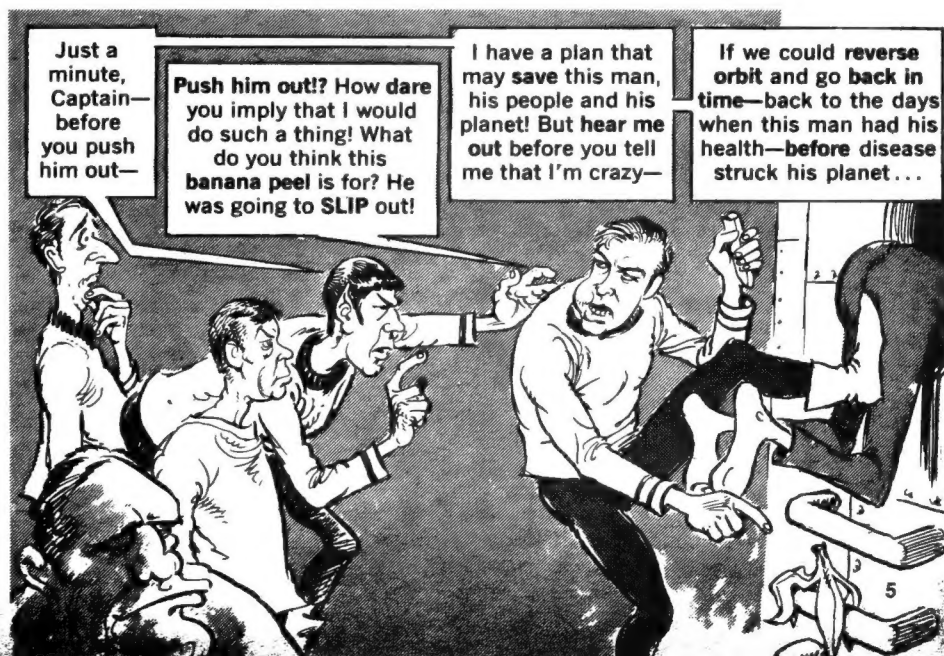
We can't help him, but we can get him off this ship before he contaminates the rest of us!



Never!!

Then we'll probably all die shortly!

You look terrible, Flob! You look homesick! Well, if you don't want to stay, there's nothing I can do to stop you! Here... why don't you get a breath of fresh air—and lean way out of this porthole.



Just a minute, Captain—before you push him out—

Push him out!? How dare you imply that I would do such a thing! What do you think this banana peel is for? He was going to SLIP out!

I have a plan that may save this man, his people and his planet! But hear me out before you tell me that I'm crazy—

If we could reverse orbit and go back in time—back to the days when this man had his health—before disease struck his planet...

... and if we then beamed him down to his healthy people, he could warn them of the coming catastrophe! They could leave the planet and re-settle elsewhere! We could change their future!!

Are you finished?

Yes!

You're crazy!

That's what your MIND says! What does your HEART say?

Pit-a-pat! Pit-a-pat! Pit-a-pat—like every body else's!

All right! We'll give it a try! Emergency stations, everyone!

Take over, Mr. Spook! If you need me, I'll be in the bathroom!

In the bathroom? I don't believe my ears!

I don't believe your ears, either, Mr. Spook!

This is going to be a tricky maneuver, crew, so pay attention! Okay—reduce the atomic flow—increase the retro power—decrease the decibel level—accentuate the positive—eliminate the negative—clear the decks—light the lights—we've got nothing to hit but the heights...

It's working, Captain! We're going back in time! We're back a week, already! Your clothes—that just came back from the laundry! See—they're dirty and stained again!

And Flob is getting younger! But—phew! he's not getting any cleaner!

We're approaching the time when all was well on your planet, Flob, so get ready to "De-Scan" and go back to your people!

Captain, I can't find enough words to thank you!

Do you think maybe you can find a little cash?

Into the Descanner, Flob! This is your departure point!

Well, he's gone—and we've saved another civilization from doom!

You could've given him a few more seconds to go through his wallet!

Captain! I can't pull the ship out of its reverse orbit! The handle's stuck!

Oops! Now it's just broken!

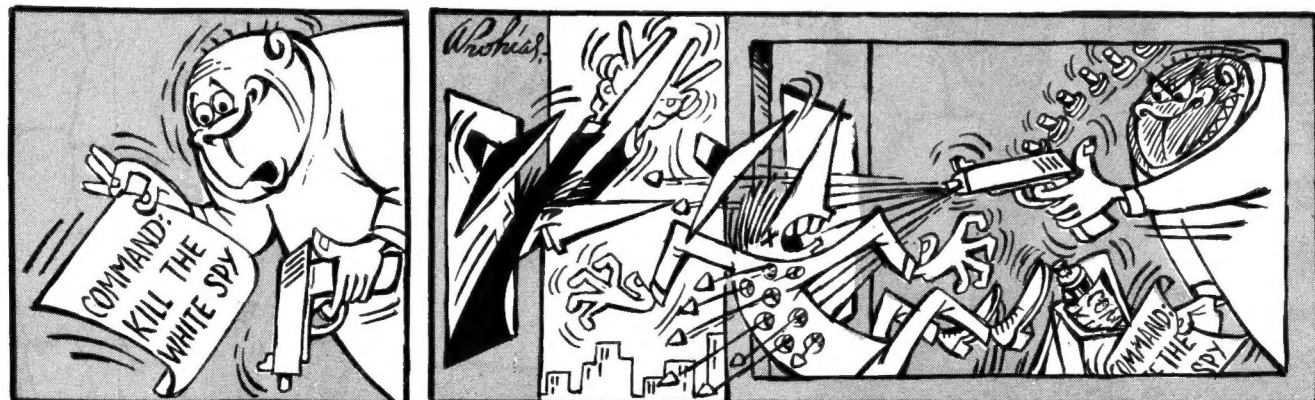
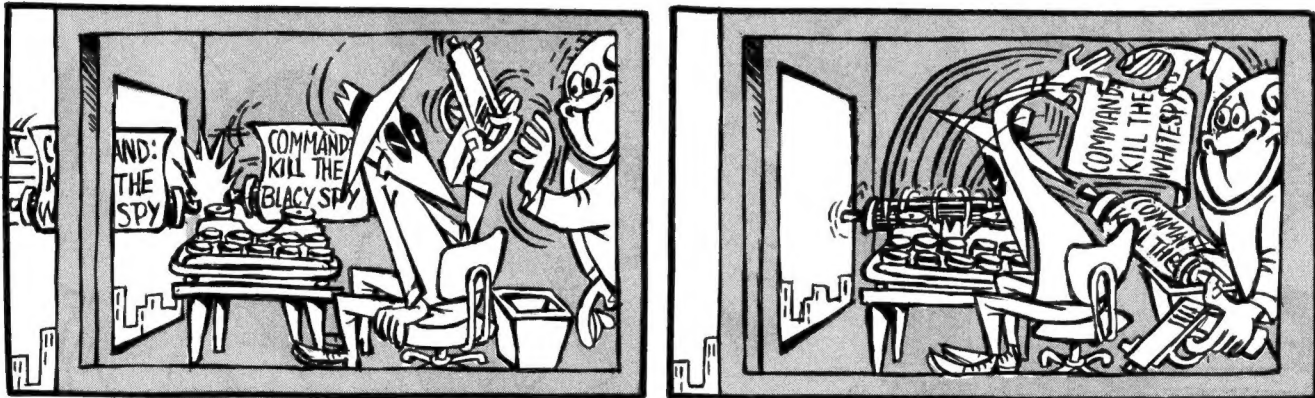
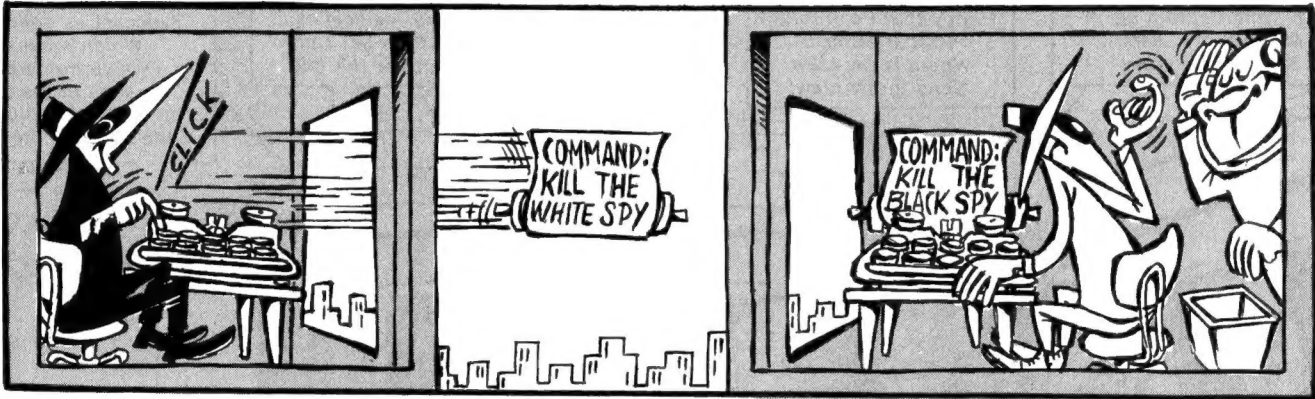
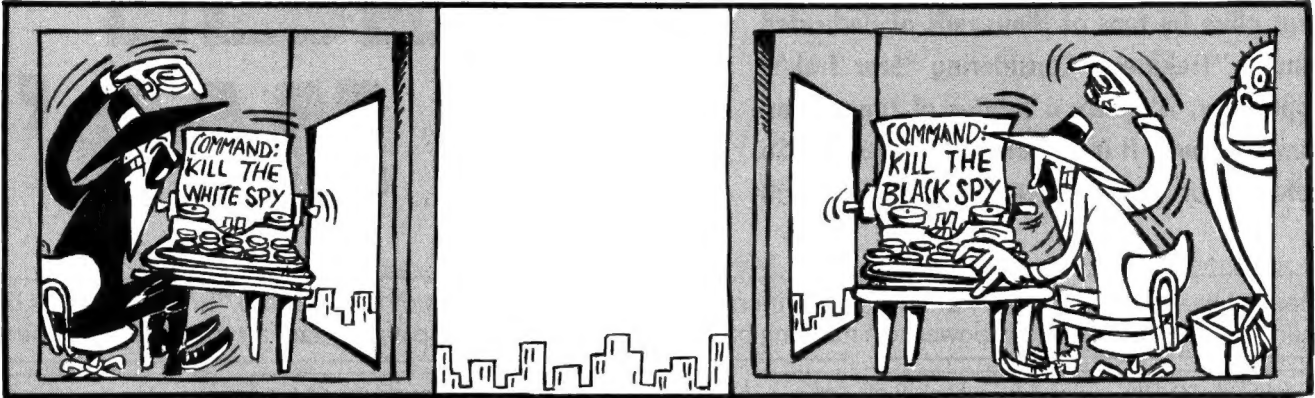
Well, don't panic! Do you hear me? DON'T PANIC... #5%&***@!! I WILL NOT TOLERATE PANIC!

We're doomed, Captain! We're going to travel back in time and crash in the Pre-Historic Ages... when Man was savage and bloodthirsty and cruel!

You mean...

Yes—we're headed for 1967!!

SPY VS SPY





That #%*! skunk Quirk just fired on us!

That's **nothing!** I just learned we didn't have a **home-cooked meal** on the Boobyprize! It was "take-out"!

They have one helluva **delivery service!** **Domino's** can't guarantee delivery of our pizza in **30 years!**

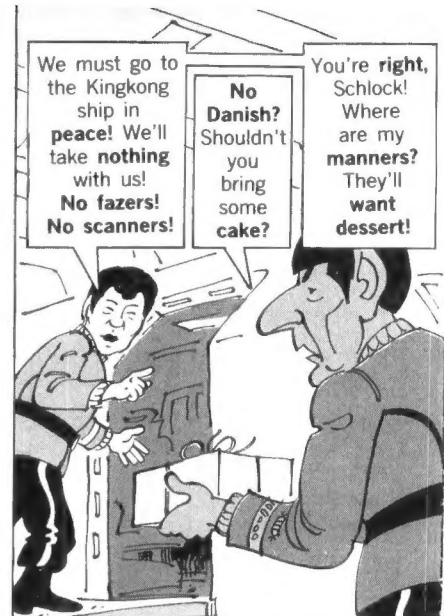


The Kingkong ship will **fire back** at us, Captain! Shall I **raise the shields?**

Naw, let's surrender!

Surrender? Without a **fight?** Why??

I'd like to **get off the Boobyprize** to **stretch my legs!** Besides, they owe us a **meal!**



We must go to the Kingkong ship in **peace!** We'll take **nothing** with us! **No fazers!** **No scanners!**

No Danish? Shouldn't you bring some **cake?**

You're **right, Schlock!** Where are my **manners?** They'll want **dessert!**



The **Chancellor** has been very **seriously wounded!**

Don't you have a **surgeon** on board?

But of course, we do!

Then why isn't he working to **save him?**

Because the **Chancellor** has **no medical insurance!**



Can't you do something for him, **Boner?**

Not me! I have **no malpractice insurance!** But I would recommend he take **two Fajitas** and call me in the morning!

The **Chancellor** is **dead!**

Make it **three Fajitas**, and he **doesn't** have to call me at all!

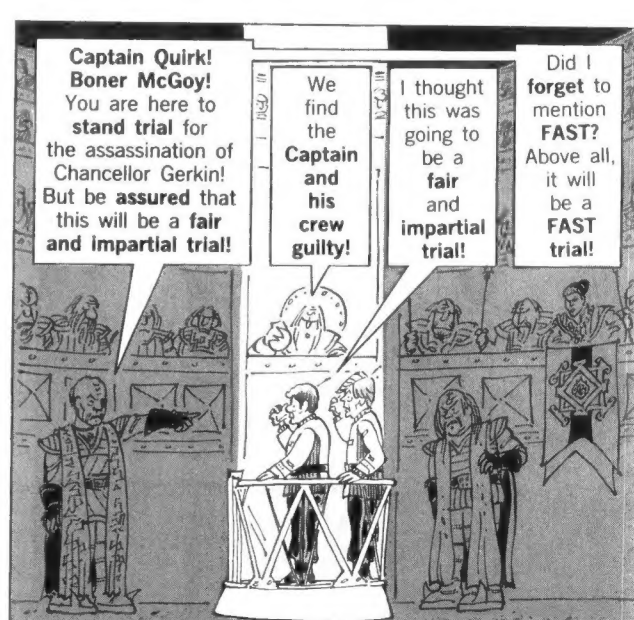


The **assassins** that came aboard our ship were **wearing magnetic boots!**

How do you **know** that, Clang?

They were able to **walk on the ceiling!** How could they do that **without** wearing magnetic boots?

Reebok Pumps filled with **helium?**



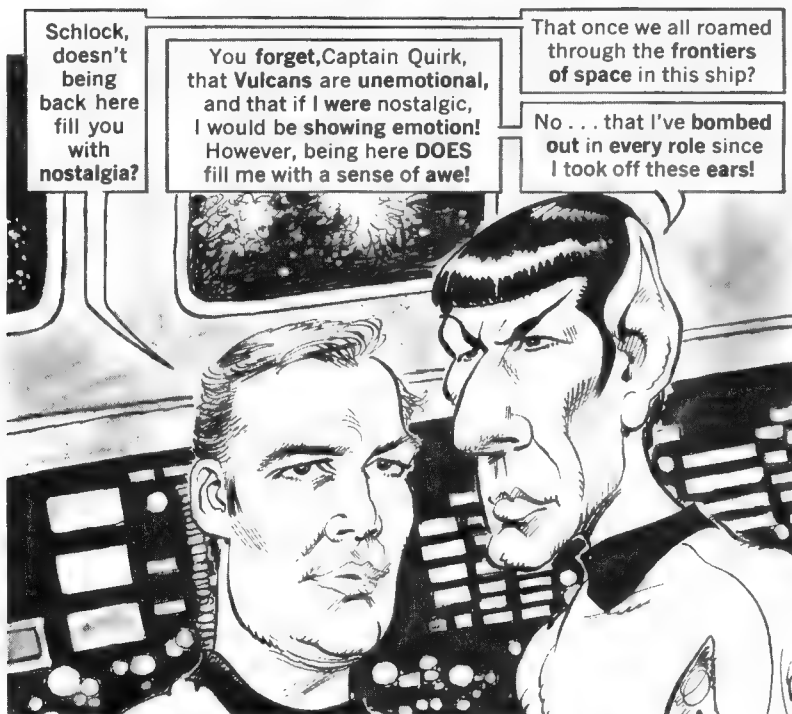
Captain Quirk! Boner McGoy! You are here to **stand trial** for the assassination of **Chancellor Gerkin!** But be **assured** that this will be a **fair and impartial trial!**

We find the **Captain** and his **crew guilty!**

I thought this was going to be a **fair and impartial trial!**

Did I **forget** to mention **FAST?** Above all, it will be a **FAST trial!**

ON TREKIN' TAR TREK" MUSICAL

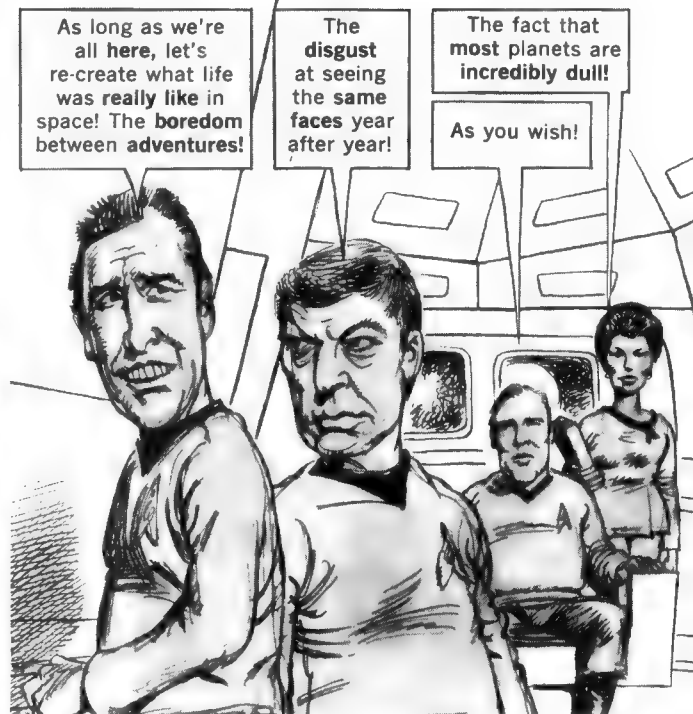


Schlock, doesn't being back here fill you with nostalgia?

You forget, Captain Quirk, that Vulcans are unemotional, and that if I were nostalgic, I would be showing emotion! However, being here **DOES** fill me with a sense of awe!

That once we all roamed through the frontiers of space in this ship?

No . . . that I've bombed out in every role since I took off these ears!



As long as we're all here, let's re-create what life was really like in space! The **boredom** between adventures!

The **disgust** at seeing the same faces year after year!

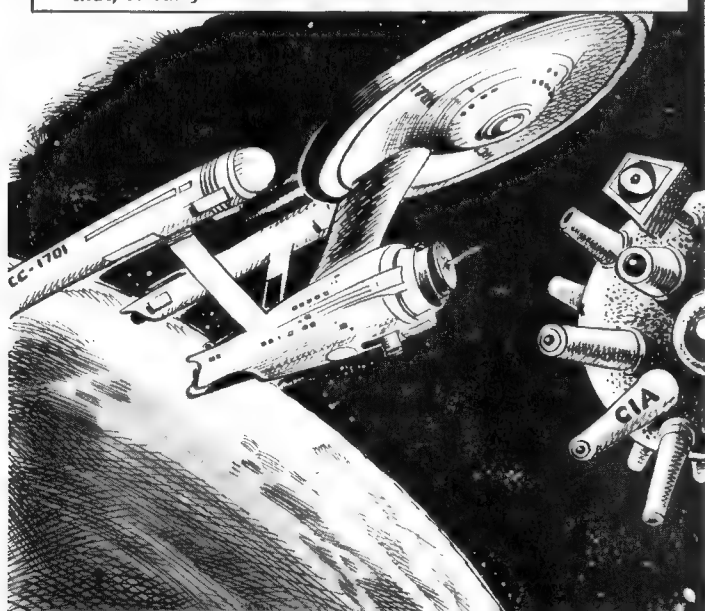
The fact that most planets are **incredibly dull!**

As you wish!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Captain's Log—Stardate 23-45-6-hike! We are cruising through space with a supply of tax forms for an Accountant on Starbase Omega! This may not seem exciting to **YOU**, but it was either that, or carry 75 Orthodontists to a Convention on Antares!



Look sharp, Mr. Sumu! Level off at Warp Five . . . and keep a steady course!

Listen to the way he orders us around! He's **POWER-MAD!**

And keep an eye out for the **Great White Whale!**

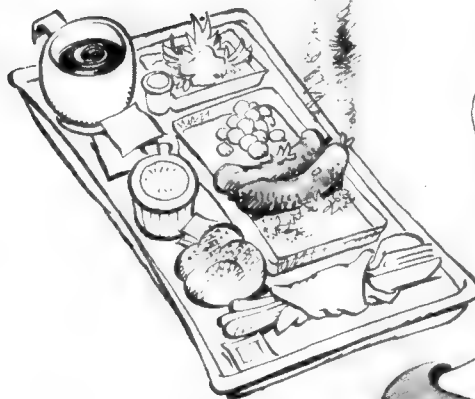
Not to mention **CRAZY!**

Let's face it! Space is a **DRAG . . .**

*What do you get when you fly through space?
You're locked in a ship and don't feel human,
Cooped up in space with smelly crewmen—
I-I'll...never fly through space again-n-n—
I'll never fly through space again!



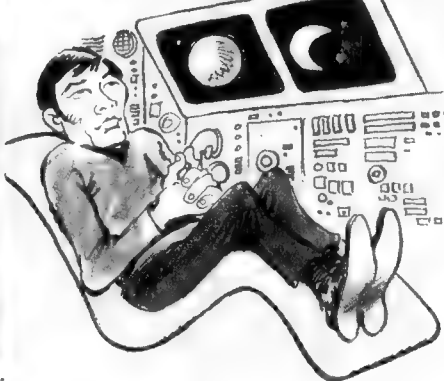
What do you eat when you fly through space?
Those heat-n-serve meals from Starbase Alpha,
Tasting like hunks of dried alfalfa—
I-I'll...never fly through space again-n-n—
I'll never fly through space again!



I'd rather join the un-em-plied
Than cir-cle some stu-pid ast-er-oid!
Watchin' some stupid planet dyin'
Somewhere out there in East Orion!



What do you do when you fly through space?
You twiddle your thumbs and you count the hours;
Then when you're through, you take cold showers—
I-I'll...never fly through space again-n-n—
I'll never fly through space again!



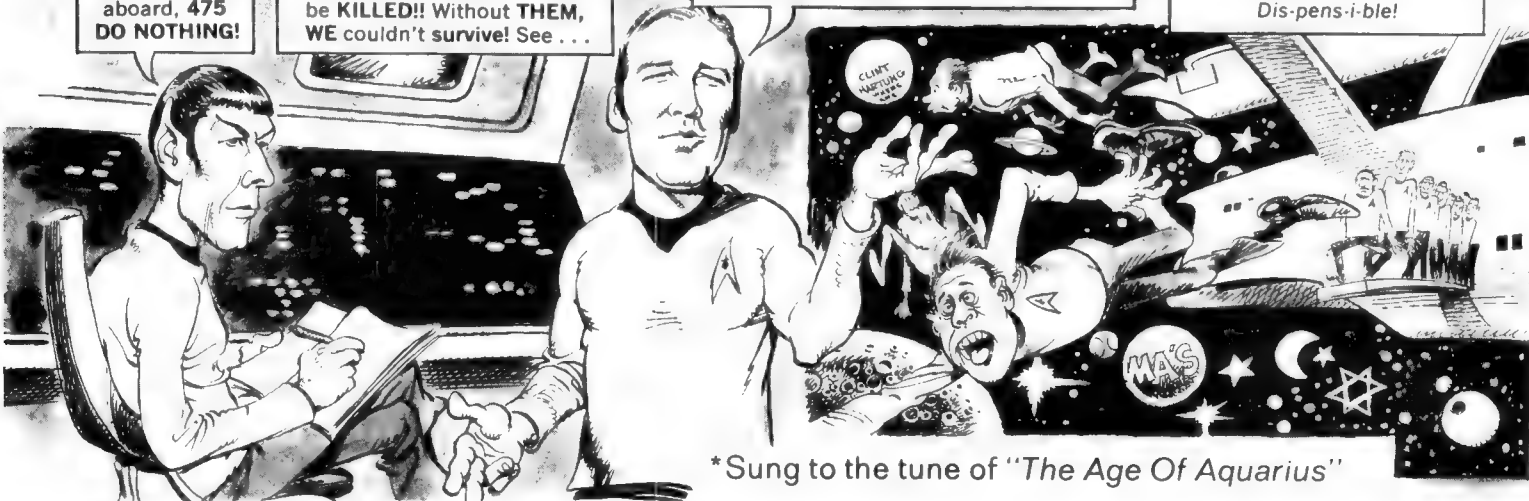
*Sung to the tune of "I'll Never Fall In Love Again"

Captain, I've
been checking
our roster! Of
480 crewmen
aboard, 475
DO NOTHING!

They only seem to do nothing,
Mr. Schlock! Actually, each is
a minor actor who will shortly
appear in an episode... and
be KILLED!! Without THEM,
WE couldn't survive! See...

*As your ship...goes through the gal-axy
To distant worlds...way past Mars—
Make sure...that your ad-ven-tures
Do...not...kill...off...your...stars!

And you can do it with
A crew that's dispensible—
A crew that's dispensible—
Dis-pens-i-ble!
Dis-pens-i-ble!



*Sung to the tune of "The Age Of Aquarius"



Minor actors that you bring on
Perish when they meet a Klingon!
One-time players not seen later
Vanish in a planet's crater!
Those of us who try to aid them
Fail because the script has made them
Dis-pens-i-ble!
DIS-PENS-I-BLE!



CAPTAIN!!
The ship
can't TAKE
any more!

You mean . . . the
SUPERSTRUCTURE
can't stand our
incredible speed?!

No . . . the **CREW**
can't stand your
terrible singing!
We're close to
a **MUTINY!!**

Dr. McCoy,
I think
I've got a
ruptured
appendix!

Take it our **your-**
self! I'm just not
interested in trite,
hackneyed Earth
ailments any more!



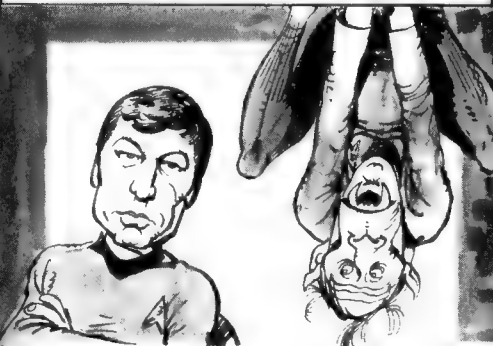
"I'm a doctor out in space,
And, like, I really groove this place,
Because of all the rare dis-ease-es—
Not like your silly coughs or sneezes!
Treating ail-ments that no man be-fore has seen
is real keen—
They are my kinds...of sick-ness!



Observe that crewman rub his leg;
Last week he got the Neptune Plague;
Today his joints are blue and yel-low—
In seven days he'll turn to Jel-lo—
And that last re-main-ing blob I'll an-a-lyze
When he dies—
This is my kind...of sick-ness!



While beaming up from Gamma II,
I thought this man had caught the flu;
But then his mouth was growing fangs there—
And now from ceilings he just hangs there—
As I sit and list-en to his last re-quests,
I'll run tests—
This is my kind . . . of sick-ness!



Oh, what a joy it is to see
Each brand-new unknown mal-a-dy—
These men are pleading, "Won't you cure us
"From what we picked up on Arc-tur-us?"
And with ev-ry dy-ing gurg-gle in their throats,
I'll make notes—
These are my kinds...of sick-ness!



*Sung to the tune of "The Sound Of Silence"

There's only **ONE THING** I love better than a space disease, and that's baiting Mr. Schlock!

Hey, Schlock! Why does a Vulcan have pointed ears?

I . . . I don't know! Why . . . ?

So he can count to twelve!

ANOTHER "Vulcan Joke"!
How long must I put up with this mockery?! If only these clods knew how a Vulcan really feels!

**It's having pointed ears and hearing crewmen telling Vulcan jokes on ship;
And it's always playing straight-man to McGoy, who thinks I'm something of a freak;
And it's chatting with computers and discovering I bore them and they're only chatting back just to be kind;
And it's reaching the conclusion that I'm looked on as a weirdo and a Vulcan's life is nothing but a grind!*

*It's having blood that's green and with your stomach situated 'bove your heart;
And it's knowing how to paralyze a Romulon by fingering his neck;
And it's working here with Quirk and all his Earthlings who compared to me are morons of the least developed kind;
And it's reaching the conclusion that they've cast me as a "token" and a Vulcan's life is nothing but a grind!*

*It's mastering telepathy and knowing what the other crewmen think;
And finding out there's nothing on their minds but sex and making out in space;
And it's having no emotions so I really have no inkling of what "making out" means to the human mind;
And it's reaching the conclusion that I must be missing something and a Vulcan's life is nothing but a grind!*

**Sung to the tune of "Gentle On My Mind"*

Sir, I'm picking up faint signals from Planet Pinkus!

Any life forms there, Mr. Schlock?

The computer print-out indicates a rapidly-increasing population existing in a polluted environment in which people settle differences through war—crime—and violence!

You idiot! You're reading the print-out for Planet EARTH!!

I'm getting **SINGING COMMERCIALS** from three different Pinkus Tourist Bureaus . . . !

Quick! Switch on the **Deep-Scanning Video Screen!**

**What good is sitting Up there in your ship When you could be Our guest?
Beam down to Pinkus West, My friends!
Beam down to Pinkus West!*

**Sung (briefly) to the tune of "Cabaret"*



You'll want to stay in
Our fancy resorts;
You'll say our food's
The best!
Beam down to Pinkus West,
My friends!
Beam down to Pinkus West!

Come bring your cash
For souvenirs!
Come bring your ...

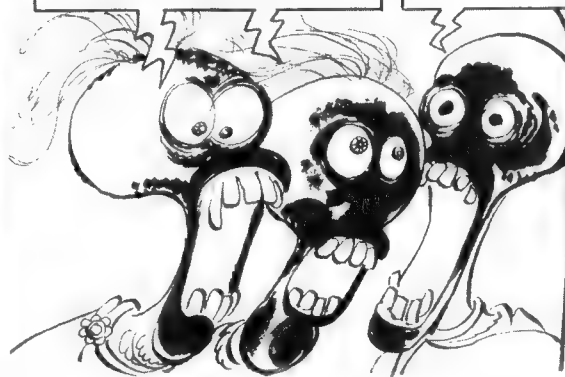
Yecch! They're
terrible! Let's hear
the second group ...



*Pinkus East—
That's where budget-conscious
Spacemen feast—
Where you get the most and
Spend the least—
So beam on down
To Pinkus East!

If you wait,
You may miss our low Off-
Season rate—
It's a bargain at
\$9.98—
So beam on down
To ...

They're
even
worse!
Switch
on the
third
group!



*Sung (briefly) to the tune of "Yesterday"



*How many spots out in space have hotels
That are on the Am-er-i-can Plan?
Yes, how many spots have a bi-nar-y sun
Where a guy gets a two-sided tan?
Yes, how many spots can you name with great broads
That go wild for a pointed-ear man?
The answer, my friends, is here on Pinkus South!
The answer is here in Pinkus South!

Well, Mr. Schlock ... ?

I don't know
about YOU,
Captain, but
I'm beaming
down to
Pinkus South!



*Sung (briefly) to the tune of "Blowing In The Wind"

There
could be
trouble, so
put your
phasers
on "Stun"!

According to my
Tricorder Reading,
the inhabitants
are BEAUTIFUL
YOUNG WOMEN!

In that
case ...
put your
phasers
on
"Caress"!



I am Varma, Queen of Pinkus, Darling of the
Galaxy, Goddess of the Song-Cue! I have the
power to grant you and your crew immortality!

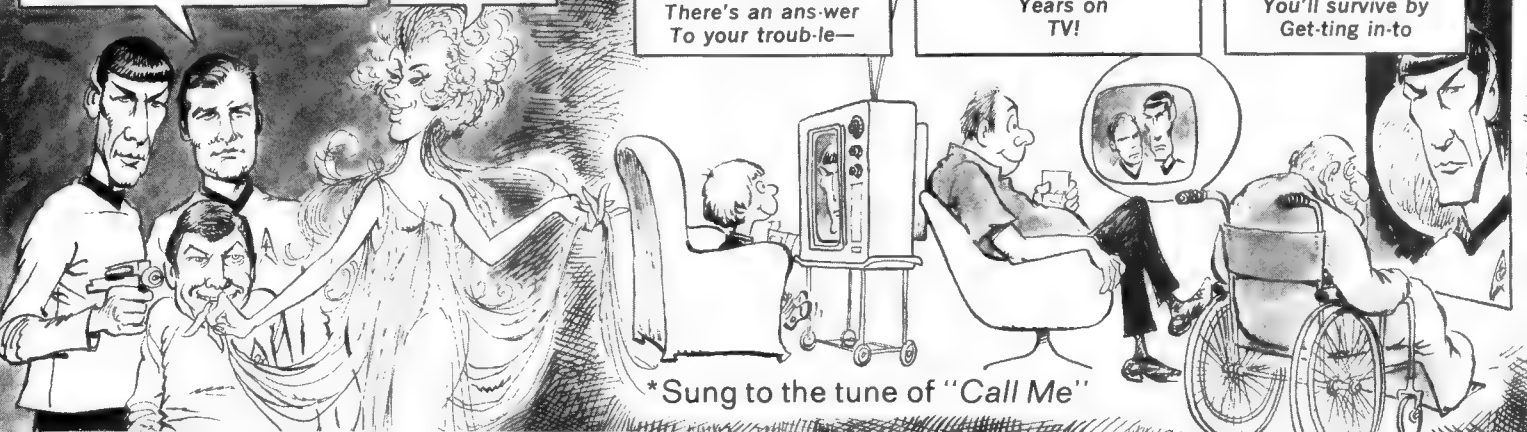
Us? Immortal? With our ratings,
we won't even last the Season!!

You will never
die, because—

*When you're has-sled
By your network,
And your ratings
Turn to rubble,
Don't despair if
You can't get work;
There's an ans-
wer
To your troub-le—

Re-runs!
You'll stay immortal with
Re-runs!
You'll live forever on
Re-runs!
Lasting for
Years on
TV!

When fresh plots are
Hard to dream up
And each dis-tant
Star you've been to,
Don't fret when they
Split your team up;
You'll survive by
Get-ting in-to



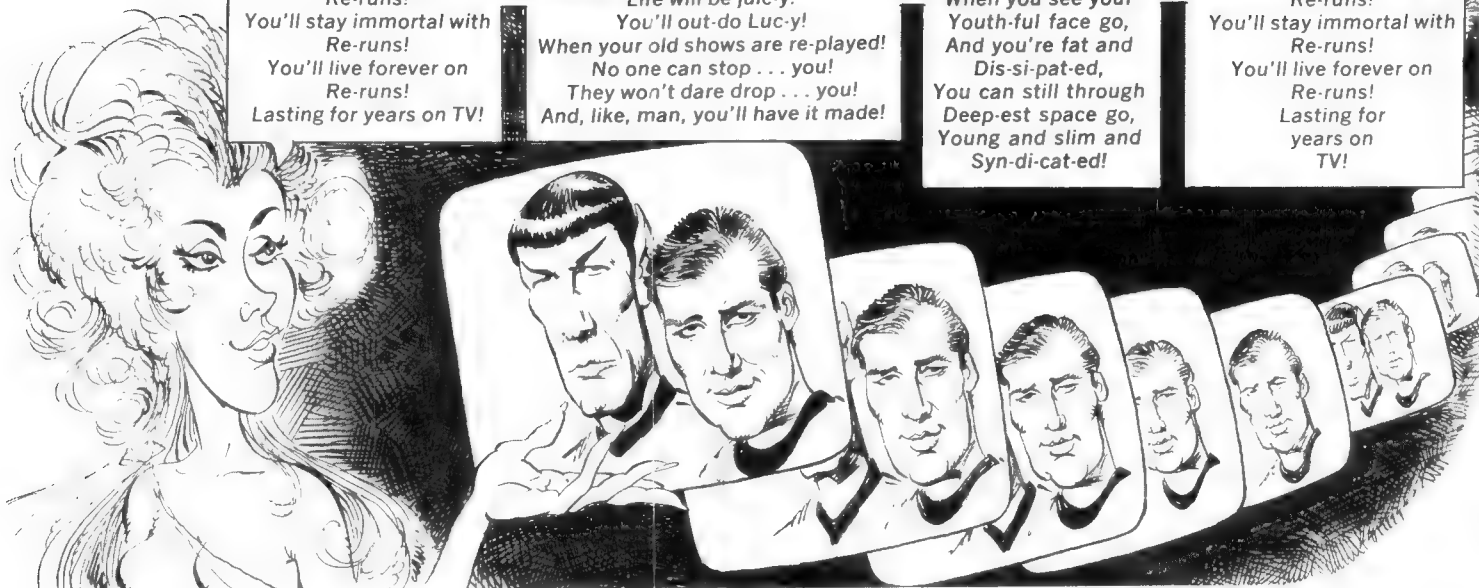
*Sung to the tune of "Call Me"

Re-runs!
You'll stay immortal with
Re-runs!
You'll live forever on
Re-runs!
Lasting for years on TV!

Life will be juic-y!
You'll out-do Luc-y!
When your old shows are re-played!
No one can stop . . . you!
They won't dare drop . . . you!
And, like, man, you'll have it made!

When you see your
Youth-ful face go,
And you're fat and
Dis-si-pat-ed,
You can still through
Deep-est space go,
Young and slim and
Syn-di-cat-ed!

Re-runs!
You'll stay immortal with
Re-runs!
You'll live forever on
Re-runs!
Lasting for
years on
TV!



Captain's Log—Stardate: 54-40 or fight! Our flashback is over and we're back where we were when this musical started—still waiting for that mysterious power who summoned us together eight years after the death of our show!

Sorry to keep
you waiting,
Gentlemen!
Now, let's get
right down to
business . . .

So **YOU'RE** the Mysterious Power!!

That's right! I'm a Vice-President
of **NBC!** We want you and your crew
to fly through space again . . . coast
to coast . . . on Network Prime Time!

Are you crazy?
We'd be out
of our minds!
We're sitting
pretty the
way we are!

We're idolized
by thousands
of Sci-Fi fans!
We're mobbed by
gorgeous teen-
age "Trekkiess"!!

We've got it made with
RE-RUNS and **LECTURES**
and **CONVENTIONS!** With
ROYALTIES pouring in
from **BOOKS** and **MODELS**
and **TOYS** and **POSTERS!**

We
don't
need
YOU!
We've
got—



*Money!
That's the reason
We don't have a care!
Money!
Oh, yessiree, we
Really get our share!

See the Trekkies out there
Who are buying our stuff;
They're hooked, we swear,
And that's enough!

Yes,
Money
Coming
Through—
We love
You!

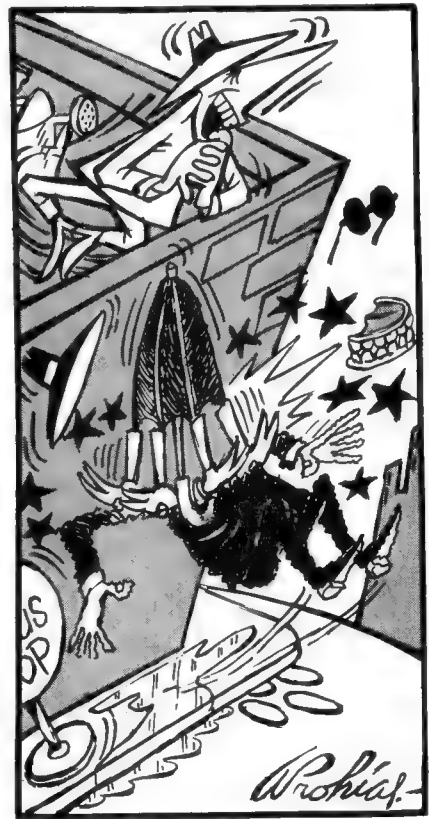
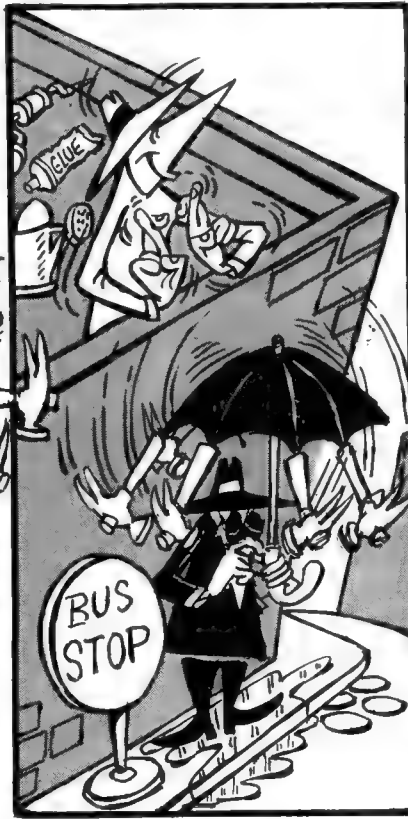
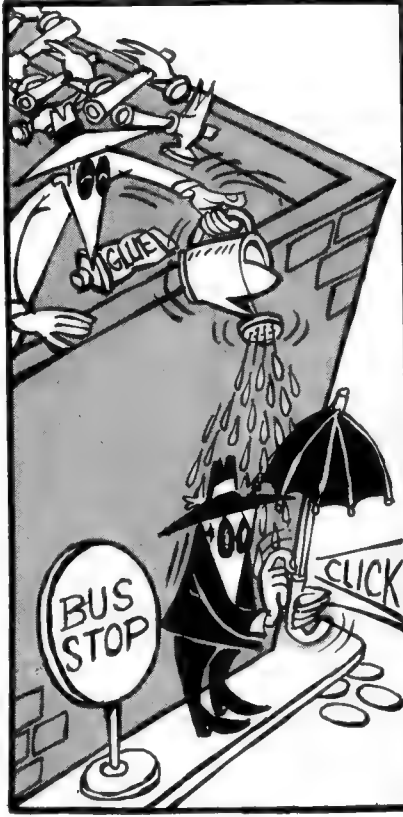
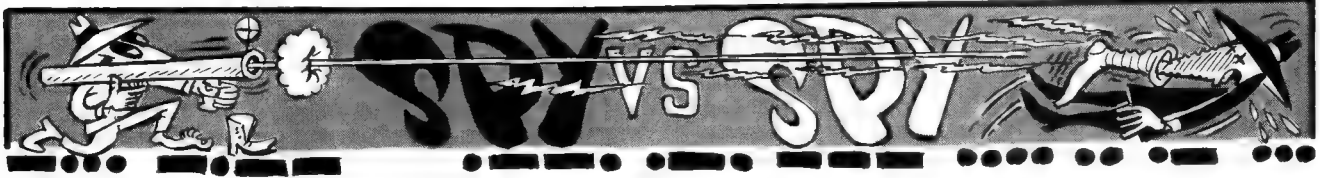
Money!
Piling up in
Big, e-nor-mous stacks!
Money!
From the sales of
Kits and paper-backs!

Let's cheer those kids
Who go in hock
From buy-ing dolls
Of Mr. Schlock!

Oh,
Money!
We love
You!
Yes, we
Do!



* Sung to the tune of "Sunny"



CAT THO



DAUGHTS

ARTIST AND WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



ANOTHER WASTE OF SPACE DEPT.

First, there was "Star Trek"—The (Wow!) Television Show! When it finally went off the air, millions of fans wrote the networks to put it back on! Well, the show didn't go back on, but the "repeats" did, and they've been shown hundreds of times. A "cult-following" formed . . . fan clubs were organized . . . conventions were held. In order to satisfy all the "Trekkies" around the world, there was only one thing that could be done: Charge them all \$4, \$5 or \$6 . . . and PROVE once and for all that a cheap old television episode re-run is a helluva lot better than a new multi-million dollar motion picture! We're talking about . . .



Sir, I've intercepted an alien force in quadrant T-4-093 . . . headed toward Earth!

How come your TV monitor always picks up the **GOOD STUFF!** The only signal I ever intercepted is **OLD TV RE-RUNS!**

Good to see you again, Admiral Curt! Your old ship, the "Boobyprize" has been **totally refitted, remodeled and re-powered . . .** and will be ready for a test run in **20 hours!** Glad you could be here to **see her off!**

I'm **NOT** here to see her off, Spotty! I will be **ON** the "Boobyprize" as her—er—**Boss . . .** no, her **Landlord . . .** no, her **TOP WHATEVER-YOU-CALL-IT . . .** and she will **LEAVE** in exactly **10 HOURS!!**

How can that be . . .?!?
Because a cloud of unbelievable boredom is headed toward Earth at an incredible ho-hum speed, and we've got to intercept it before the audience falls asleep!

TEN HOURS?!?
That's a **TOUGH MISSION,** Admiral, but we'll sure give it a try!

MONITOR ONE

MONITOR TWO

STAR TREK
THE (WOW)
TV SHOW

THIS WIG \$125.00

NICK'S BARBER SHOP

SYOSSET

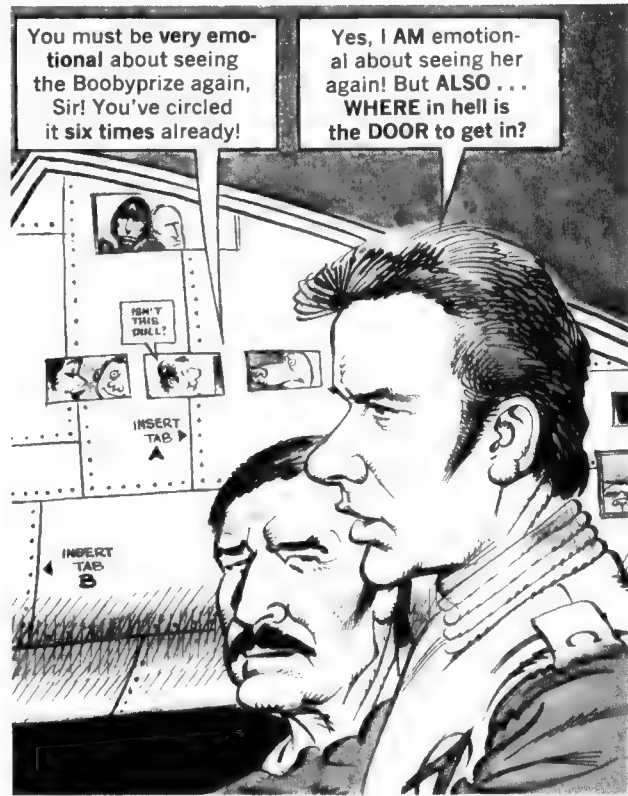
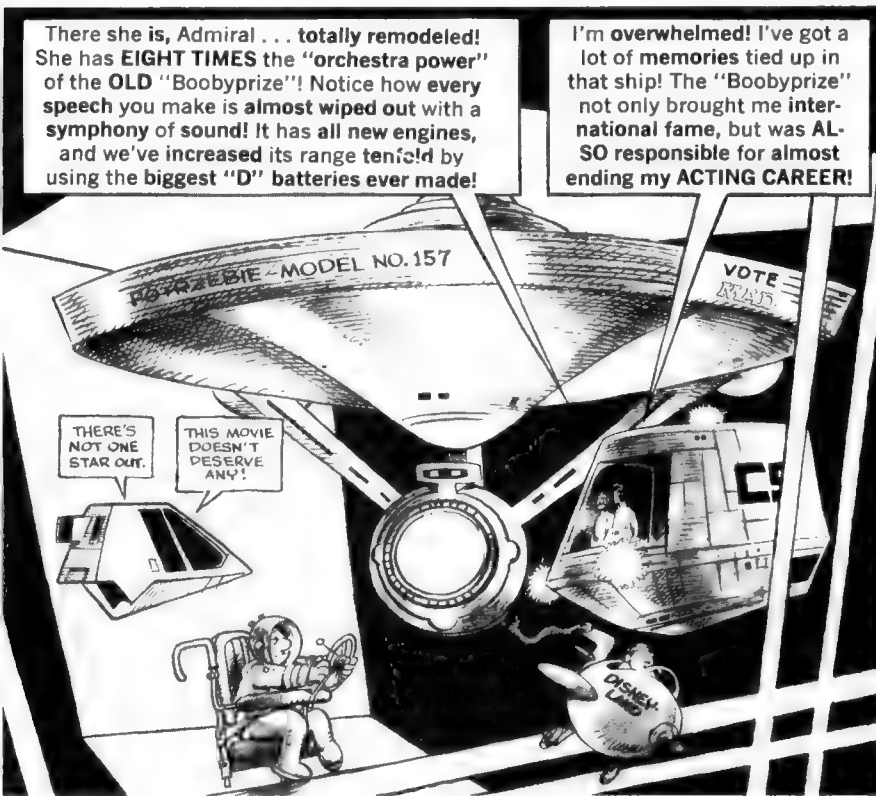
NBC VETERAN

MR. PRUCKER



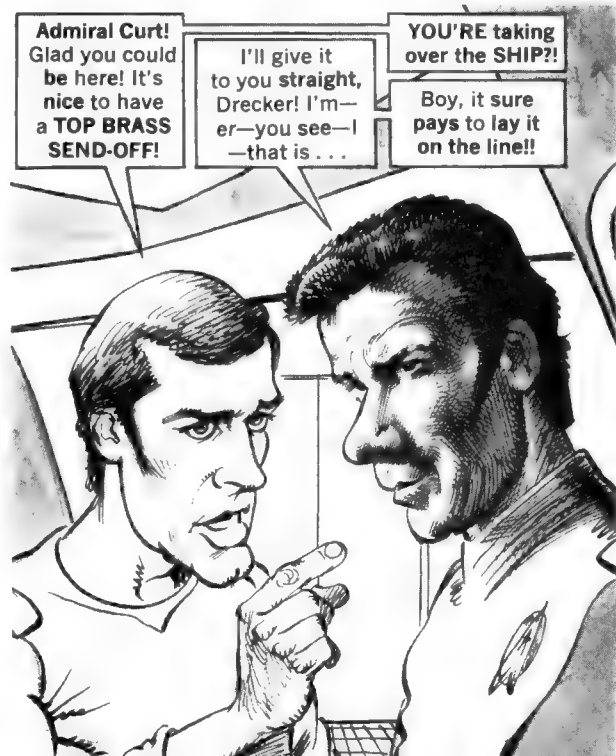
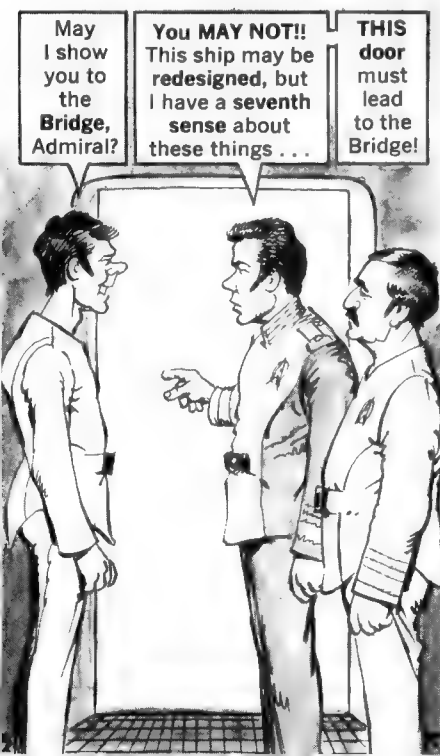
TAR BLECCH

THE (GACCK!) MOTION PICTURE



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

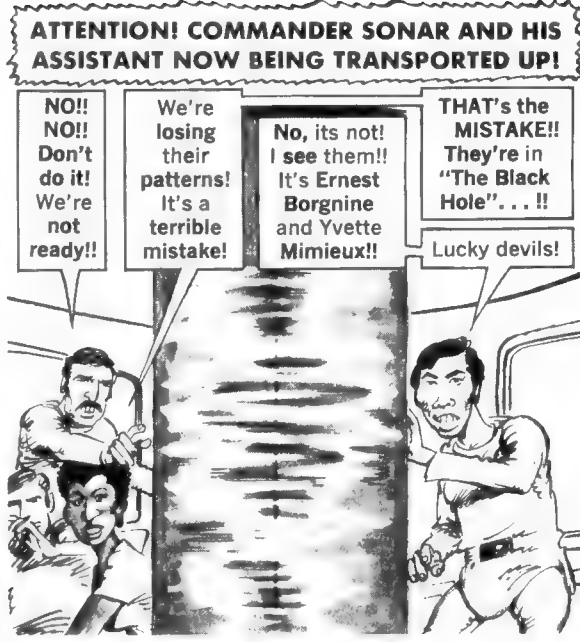




But you **CAN'T** take over this ship! I've been with her every step of the way during her reconstruction! **You don't know her!** Everything has been changed around!

It doesn't matter! I'M taking over the **CENTER SEAT**! Even **THAT'S** been changed! The center seat's now the one on the **LEFT**!!

I'm the **NEW CAPTAIN**, Drecker . . . **PERIOD!** The powers-that-be don't want some **AMATEUR IDIOT** risking this ship against impossible odds! They want a **PROFESSIONAL IDIOT** . . . and I'M that man!!



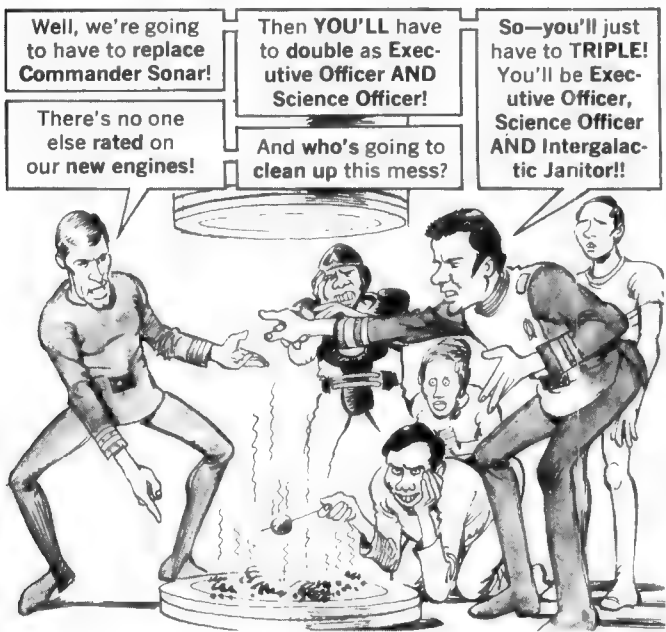
NO!! NO!! Don't do it! We're not ready!!

We're losing their patterns! It's a terrible mistake!

No, its not! I see them!! It's Ernest Borgnine and Yvette Mimieux!!

THAT's the MISTAKE!! They're in "The Black Hole" . . . !!

Lucky devils!



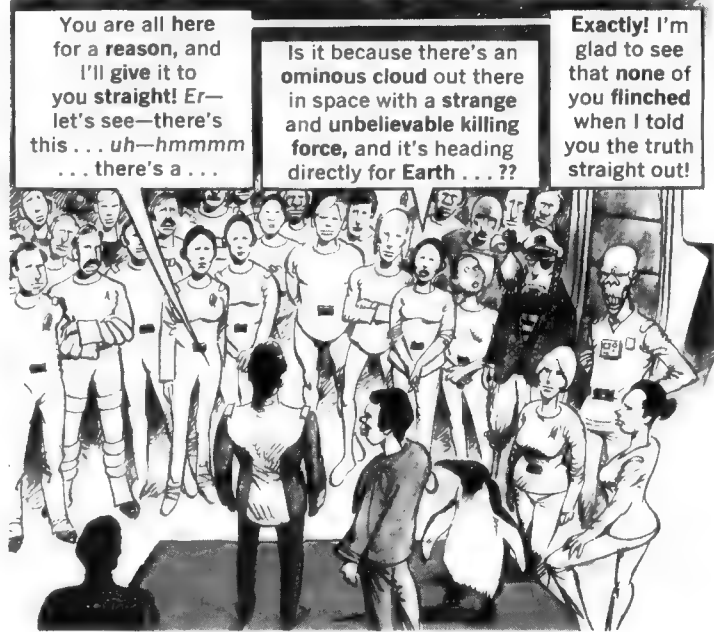
Well, we're going to have to replace Commander Sonar!

There's no one else rated on our new engines!

Then **YOU'LL** have to double as Executive Officer **AND** Science Officer!

And who's going to clean up this mess?

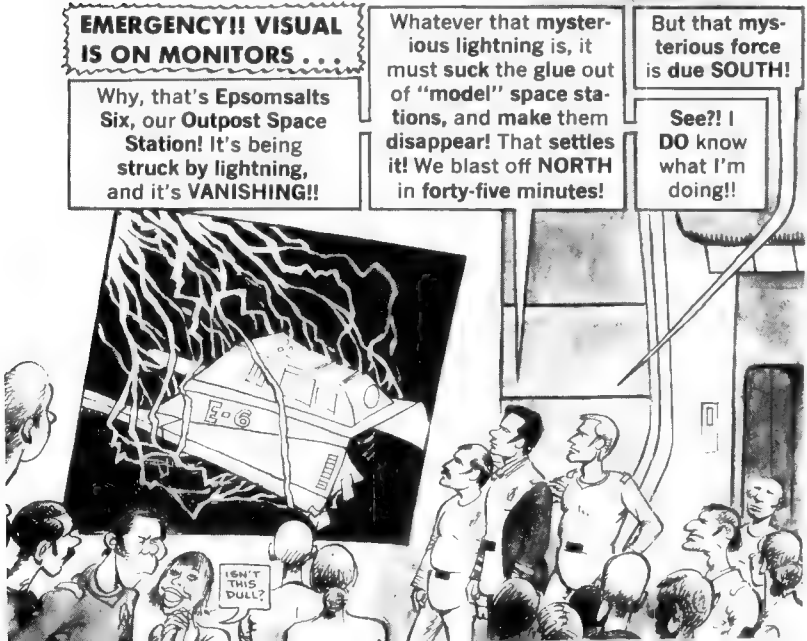
So—you'll just have to be **TRIPLE!** You'll be Executive Officer, Science Officer **AND** Intergalactic Janitor!!



You are all here for a reason, and I'll give it to you straight! Er—let's see—there's this . . . uh—hmmmm . . . there's a . . .

Is it because there's an ominous cloud out there in space with a strange and unbelievable killing force, and it's heading directly for Earth . . . ??

Exactly! I'm glad to see that none of you flinched when I told you the truth straight out!



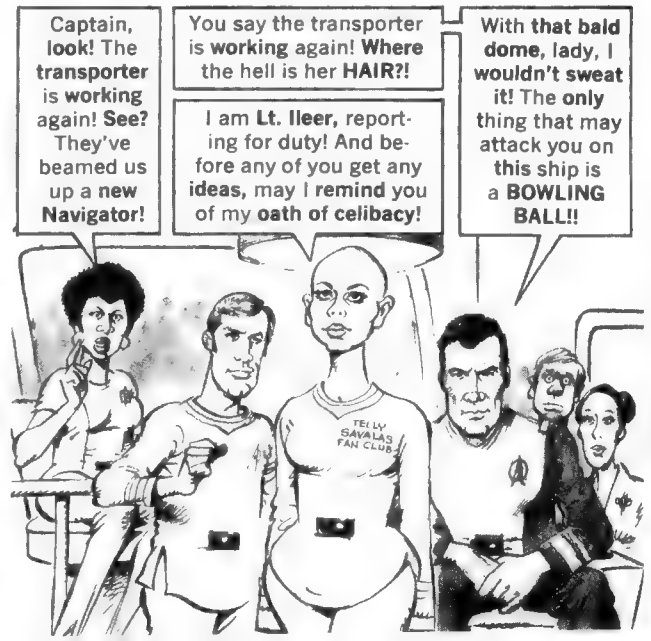
EMERGENCY!! VISUAL IS ON MONITORS . . .

Why, that's Epsom salts Six, our Outpost Space Station! It's being struck by lightning, and it's **VANISHING!!**

Whatever that mysterious lightning is, it must suck the glue out of "model" space stations, and make them disappear! That settles it! We blast off **NORTH** in forty-five minutes!

But that mysterious force is due **SOUTH!**

See?! I **DO** know what I'm doing!!



Captain, look! The transporter is working again! See? They've beamed us up a new Navigator!

You say the transporter is working again! Where the hell is her **HAIR**?! I am Lt. Iler, reporting for duty! And before any of you get any ideas, may I remind you of my oath of celibacy!

With that bald dome, lady, I wouldn't sweat it! The only thing that may attack you on this ship is a **BOWLING BALL!!**

Here comes the final member of the crew!!

DOCTOR BECOY!!
How good to see you! I **NEVER** thought **YOU'D** volunteer again!

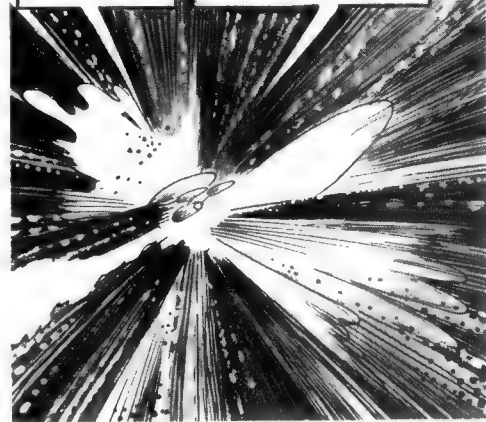
ME?! VOLUNTEER?
Some @\$\$%&% put a "pay phone" sign on the transporter ... and when I stepped inside to make a phone call, I was **BEAMED** here!

Attention!
Prepare for immediate departure!
Spotty, I want "warp one" speed!

Captain, we've never run these engines before! Only someone with a "warped brain" would order "warp speed" with new engines!
Warp one, and NOW!!!

Wow! Look at all those magnificent colors! So this is what warp speed is like!!

Warp speed, nothing!
We didn't have time to stow away any of the **PAINT CANS!!** That's **PAINT** you see ... spilling all over everywhere ...!



Captain!
We have negative control from inertial lag ...

Navigational defectors inoperative!
Subspace frequencies jammed and ineffective!

Engines coming loose from pylons!
Emergency!!
Captain ... what are you going to do?

Y'know, Drecker! I've been thinking about how **WRONG** I was to rush into command of this ship! **YOU** know it better than I, so **TAKE CHARGE** for now!

EMERGENCY! EMERGENCY! IMMINENT DANGER! SHIP ON COLLISION COURSE WITH ALIEN ASTEROID ...!

Here! YOU take the Captain's chair! Let me just release my seat belt!

WAIT, Sir! That's not the seat belt release!! That's the "**TORPEDO FIRE**" button you just pushed!!

Captain Curt!!
You **DID IT!!**
That torpedo you fired **DESTROYED THE ASTEROID!**

It did?

I mean, **OF COURSE IT DID!!**



Captain Curt, may I speak freely, to make you look like the schmuck you really are ... ?

Permission granted!

Permission GRANTED!!
Boy, you **ARE** a schmuck! I rest my case!

Captain, another member of the crew is beaming aboard ...

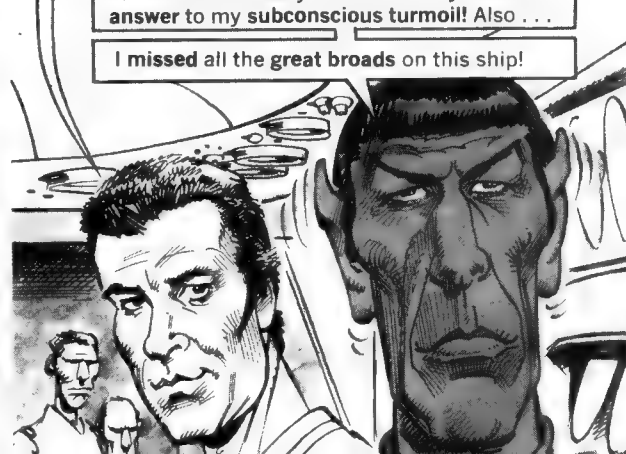
SPOOK!!
It's you!
I can hardly believe my eyes!

I can **ALSO** hardly believe your **EARS!!** They seem bigger than ever!!

What brings you back to the **Boobyprize**, Spook?

On **Vulgar**, I began sensing a **consciousness** from a source **more powerful** than I've ever encountered, thought patterns of an **exactly perfect order!** I believe it emanates from the intruder you seek! It may hold an answer to my subconscious turmoil! Also ...

I missed all the great broads on this ship!



You won't have any more trouble with engine imbalance, Captain! I made a subtle change that corrected it! Instead of having all four engines on one side of the ship, I put two on each side!!

What an advanced mind you have, Spook!

Captain, I believe we're being radiated!

Is it possible that the friendship signals we're sending out are being interpreted as acts of hostility?

Yes, that seems to happen with every foreign power the U.S. tries to help!

By the Gods of Vulgar, they're sending out an energy of the twelfth power!

A LOT?! Let's see—why, that's precisely **TWICE** the energy of the **SIXTH** power!

What a mind . . . !
What a mind . . . !

Is that a lot?



Captain, the intruder has been attempting to **communicate** with us! I think I've broken their code! They're calling us "**collect**"! Will you accept the charges??

I'll—I'll have to think about that!

Shield protection fading . . . external power increasing!!

Okay!! Okay!! We'll accept the charges!! But **ONLY** for **THREE MINUTES!!!**



Look at that! A vessel so large, it's taken complete control of our ship!!

Thank God **SOMEBODY** has finally taken complete control of our ship!!



I estimate its striking power at seventy billion megatronic ampere-volts or more!

Boy, it's just one brilliant tactical decision after another with you, isn't it, Captain?!

Uh—I say, let's not fool with it!

INTRUDER ALERT!! INTRUDER ALERT!!

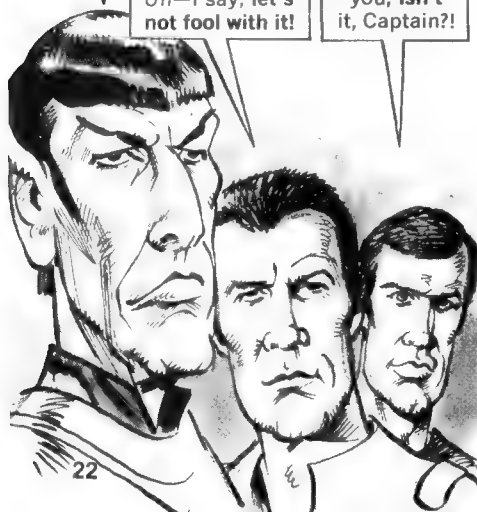
Y'know, we should get rid of that **SPEAKER SYSTEM!** It only seems to bring **BAD NEWS!**

It's a bolt of that high-energy lightning! And . . . **LOOK!** It's taking **ILEER** away!! Someone **STOP IT!!** We've got a **HEAVY DATE** planned for this evening! Ileer . . . try to be back by **TEN P.M.**, will ya?!

First, engine failure! Then Ileer is taken! What's next?

CAPTAIN . . . we're being seized by a **TRACTOR BEAM!!**

I didn't want an **ANSWER**, Spook!! Can't I ask a rhetorical question that doesn't have a disaster for an answer?!



You-have-asked-to-meet-with "V'ger"—and-this-is-V'ger! Now-you-must-give-V'ger-the-Creator!

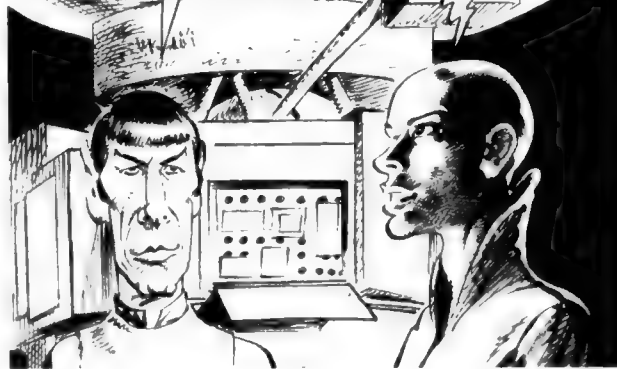
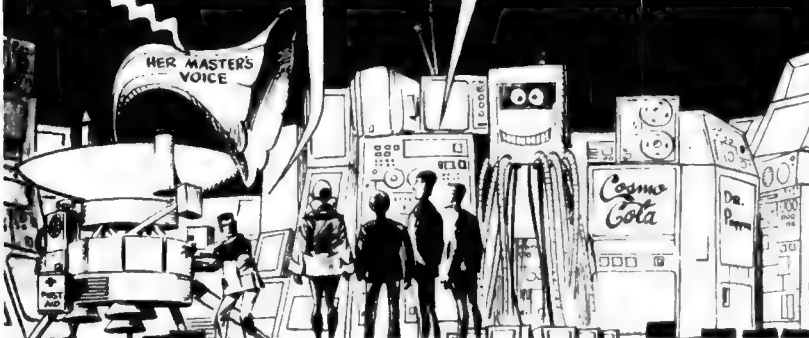
Wait! This sign . . . ! It doesn't say "V'ger"! See? When I brush away the dirt, it says "VOYAGER VI"!

Interesting! We are looking at the products of what is probably the universe's most intelligent species . . . and it doesn't even know how to dust!

Voyager VII! It was sent out from Earth with a mission . . . "Learn all that is learnable . . . store all that is storable . . . collect all that is collectable . . . merchandise all that is merchandisable!!"

Obviously, when Voyager VI disappeared from our side of the galaxy, it crashed on a "machine" planet which followed the orders we'd programmed into it! And this is the results! Ileeer, WE created "V'ger"! Therefore, WE are YOUR CREATOR!!

Statement—rejected!! Earth—carbon—units—create—wars—energy—shortages—political—rip-offs—inflation—depression—riots—hunger—and—misery!! No—there—must—be—a—HIGHER—POWER!!



Curt-unit-listen-to-me! I-and-the-entire-audience-are-growing-restless! You-must-transmit-all-information-on-the-Creator-to-V'ger-immediately! V'ger-is-impatient!!

If you ask me . . . the way to deal with "V'ger" is to treat it LIKE A BABY!!

And-if-V'ger-does-not-get-the-information—it-will-destroy-the-Earth-with-missiles!

That is, treat it like the universe's MOST POWERFUL BABY!!



I have the information V'ger wants!!

And I also have seven boxes of lollypops and two pounds of fudge!

That-is-better! At-last-you-are-taking-V'ger-seriously!

It-is-too-late!



Let ME give V'ger the information by uniting with it, Captain!

But you don't know what it will DO to you, Decker!

Yeah, but what a way to GO!!

Drecker-was-always-into-cheap-thrills!



Spook . . . did we just witness the beginning of a brand new LIFE FORM??

No, Captain . . . we just witnessed the birth of a brand new Motion Picture ART Form, where the SPECIAL EFFECTS are ten times MORE INTERESTING than the people, the plot and the dialogue!



Hello! I'm William Gaines, publisher of MAD! I usually don't get involved in these TV parodies. I don't even read them! All I really care about is how many issues of MAD we sell! But since this is the first time we're satirizing a show whose cast is actually **OLDER** than me... and since this is the first series I can actually *relate* to, I thought that I should introduce it. Here's...



The Olden Girls

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITERS: ARNIE & JAY KOGEN

Hi! We're the **Olden Girls!** I'm **Appathy!** The **sarcastic** one! A trait left over from a previous sitcom! I'm the leader and **moving force** of this series! Although some critics say "**All Bran**" is the moving force of this series!

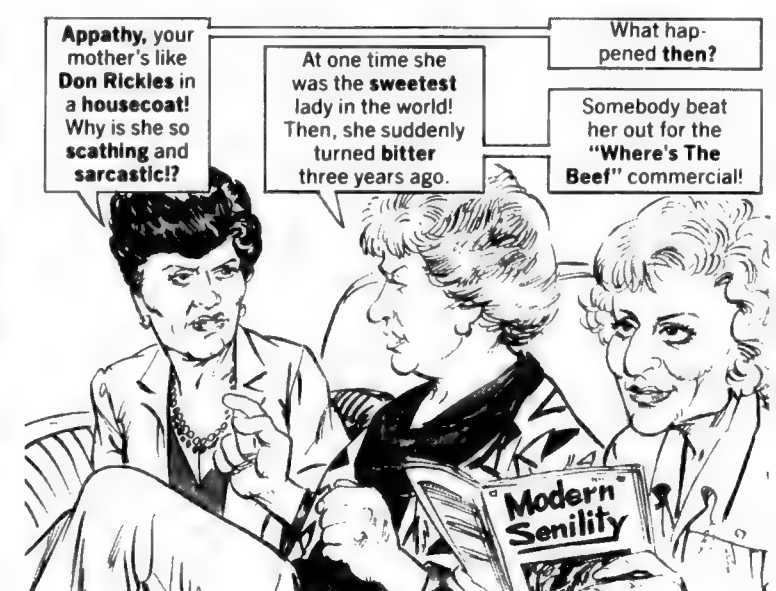
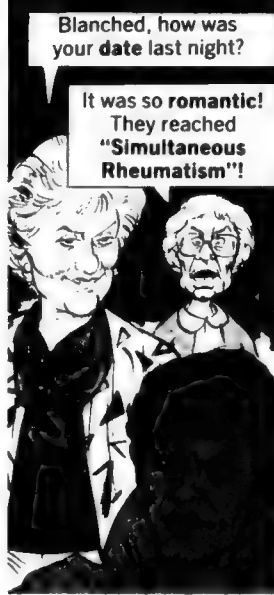
I'm **Doze!** The **dippy** one! On the TV "bewilderment" scale, I'm somewhere between **Gracie Allen** and **Georgette Baxter!** My occupation: **grief counselor!** Whenever I counsel anyone on this series, they usually wind up with **grief!**

I'm **Blanchet!** The **flirtatious** one! I'm a gullible, sex-obsessed **southern belle** with an accent that went out with Tennessee Williams! Come to think of it, I went out with Tennessee Williams!

I'm **Myopia!** The **foul mouthed** one! I'm a unique TV creation! I look like **Grandma Moses** and I talk like **Al Pacino in Scarface!** Remember when all old ladies on TV were like **Grandma Walton?** I've changed all of that! I'm **80 years old**. I can say things in prime time that would get **Eddie Murphy** thrown off the air!



I'm actress **Heather Locklear!** No, I'm not in this series! But as a **humane gesture** to their readers MAD has included me here. Take a **good** look at me. It's the last attractive, **firm body** you'll be seeing for the next five pages!







I'm a grief counsellor, Myopia! Tell me what you're feeling!

I'm feeling I want someone other than a DITZ to comfort me!

She's amazing! Even near death she takes time out to belittle those closest to her!



Ma, we want this to be the best 30 minutes of your life!

Can we fix you a last meal?

Not with the time I have left! I hate microwave cooking!



Are there any last wishes before you die?

Yes! I want to see peace in the world, I want to witness the end of world hunger, and I want to stop Bill Cosby from endorsing another product!

That last one's impossible!



Think hard, Myopia! Isn't there any one thing we can get you?

Okay! I want sex with Mel Gibson!

But that'll kill you!

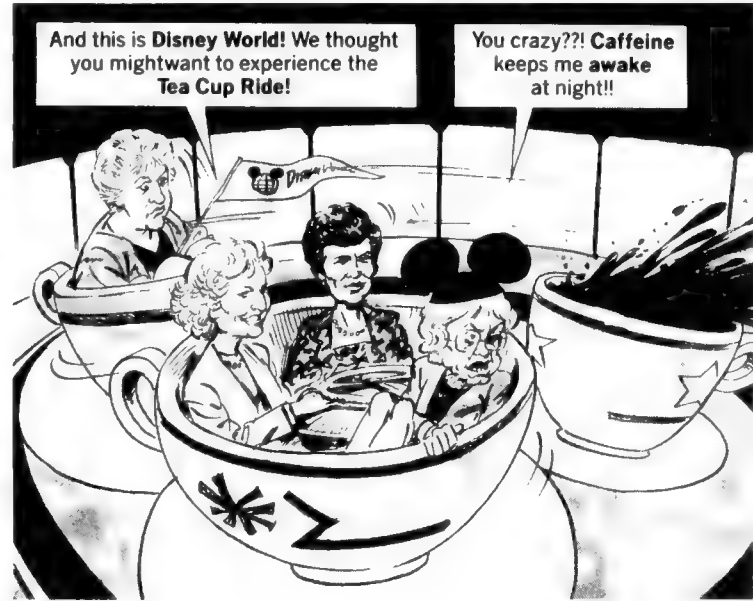
No! If I have sex with Mel Gibson it'll kill YOU! ...and maybe him, too!



You've only got a few minutes left on Earth! We're taking you sightseeing through Florida!

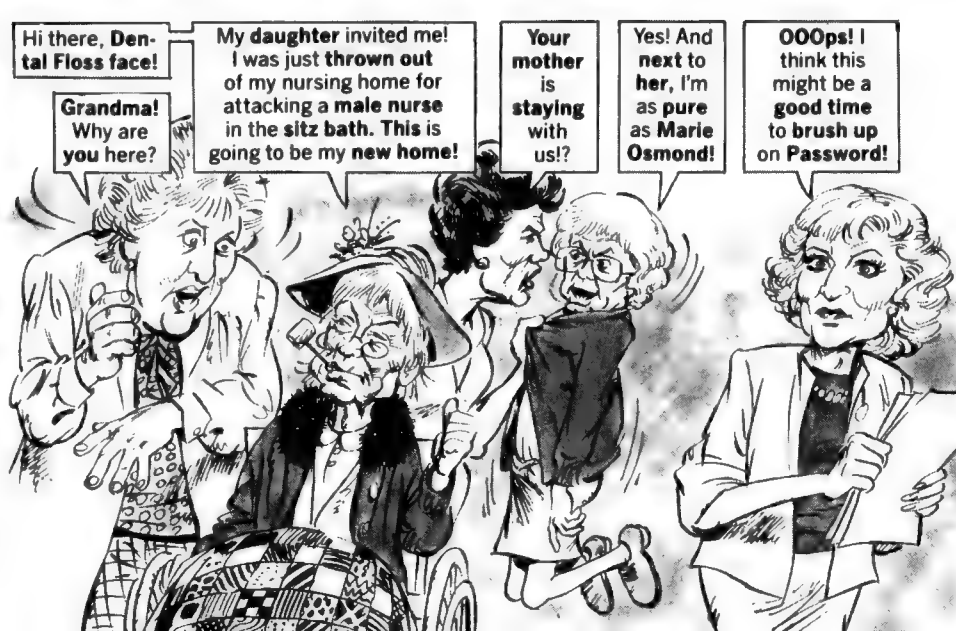
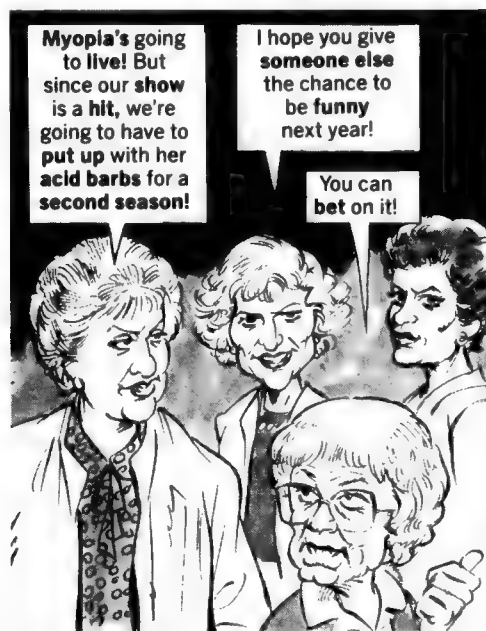
But Florida's the pits! It's dull and boring!

That's the idea! Your final minutes on Earth will seem like YEARS!



And this is Disney World! We thought you might want to experience the Tea Cup Ride!

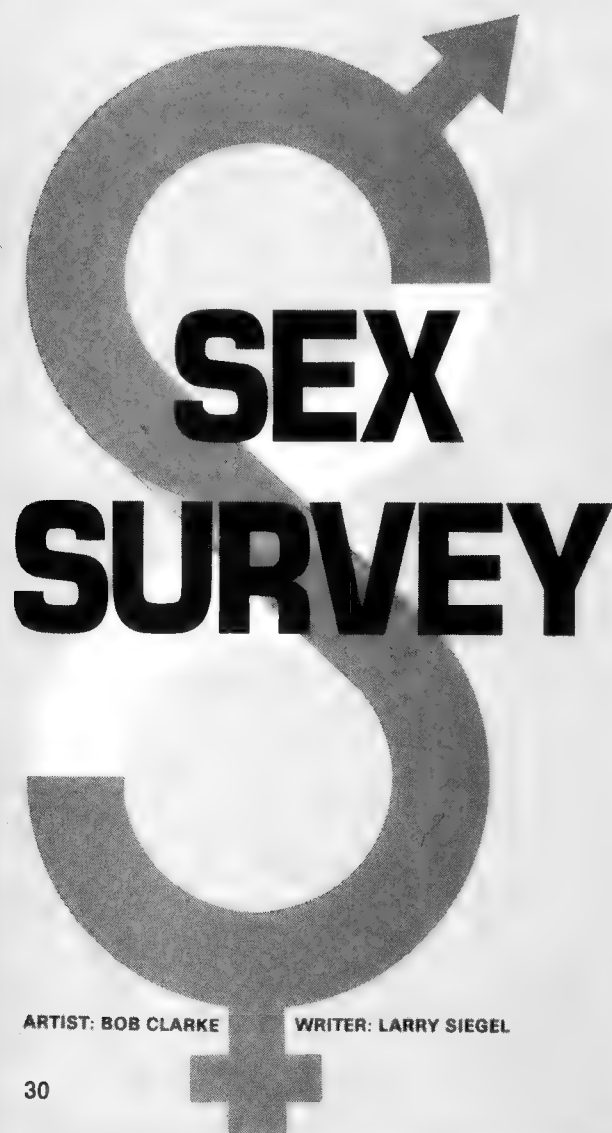
You crazy?! Caffeine keeps me awake at night!!



TABOO-LATION DEPT.

In answer to the sex polls conducted by *Cosmopolitan*, *Redbook*, and *Playboy*, a few months ago *Mad Magazine* surveyed our readership in the form of a questionnaire inserted in every 4 out of 5 issues (it figures—you got the one out of 5 with *no* insert, right?). Well, the figures have been tabulated! We are pleased to present the exciting results of...

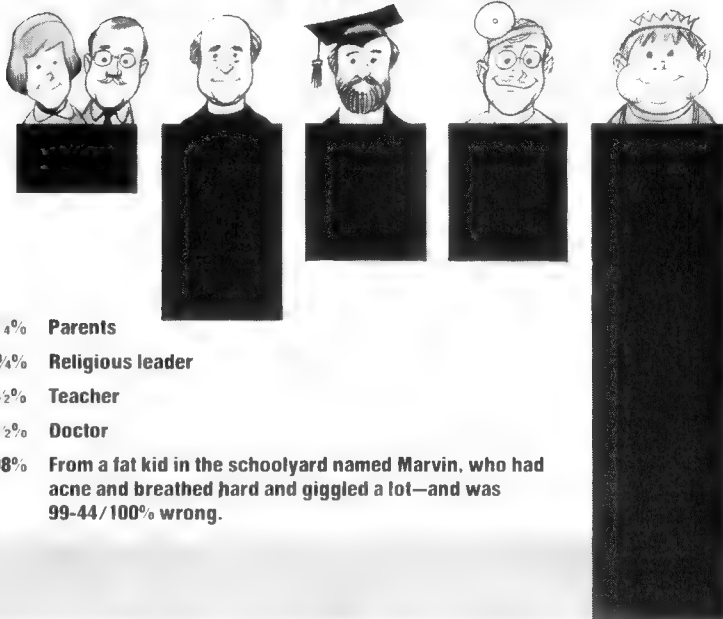
THE MAD READER'S



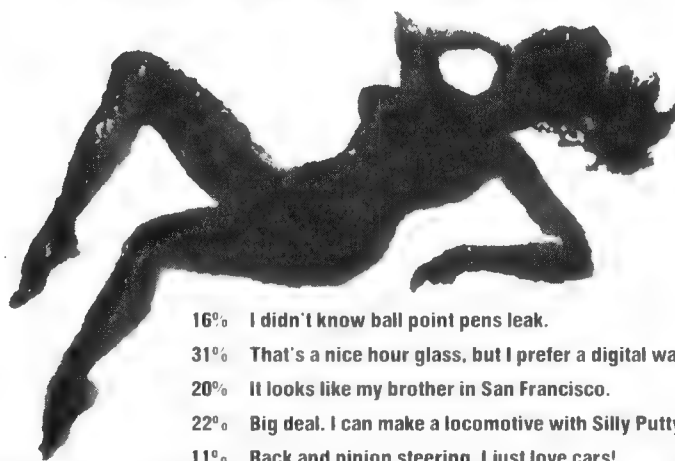
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

How Did You First Learn About Sex?

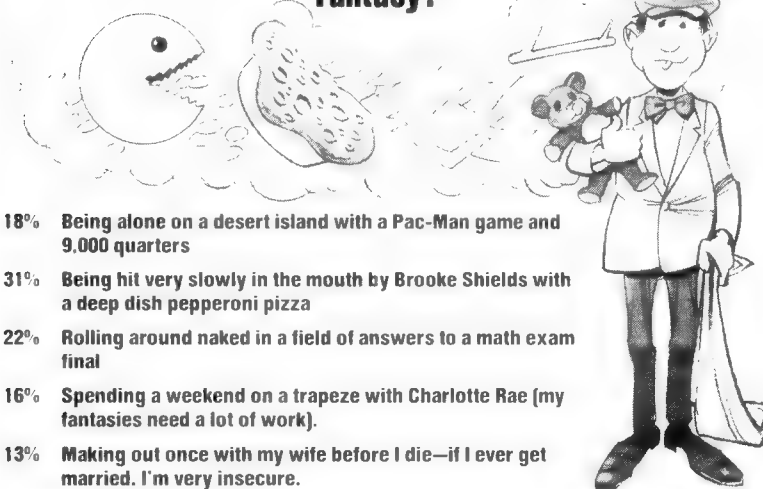


What Was The First Thing That Came To Your Mind When You Saw This Inkblot?



- 16% I didn't know ball point pens leak.
- 31% That's a nice hour glass, but I prefer a digital watch.
- 20% It looks like my brother in San Francisco.
- 22% Big deal. I can make a locomotive with Silly Putty.
- 11% Rack and pinion steering. I just love cars!

What Is Your Most Exciting Sexual Fantasy?



- 18% Being alone on a desert island with a Pac-Man game and 9,000 quarters
- 31% Being hit very slowly in the mouth by Brooke Shields with a deep dish pepperoni pizza
- 22% Rolling around naked in a field of answers to a math exam final
- 16% Spending a weekend on a trapeze with Charlotte Rae (my fantasies need a lot of work).
- 13% Making out once with my wife before I die—if I ever get married. I'm very insecure.

How Old Were You When You Had Your First Sexual Experience?

17%* Nine or under

60% 10-20

11% 21-40

7% 41-80

5% Over 80

0% Over 80 who lived to be 101 after having sex

100%*

16-20 year-olds who said they were nine or under to impress friends and frat brothers and still haven't had any sex.



Whom Do You Usually Consult With Your Sexual Problems?

1/4% Parents

3/4% Religious Leader

1/2% Psychiatrist

1/4% I write to "Dear Abby" (as "Confused From Sheboygan")

1/4% I write to Ann Landers (as "Confused From Dear Abby")

98% Marvin in the schoolyard (some people just never learn)



How Do You Feel About S&M?



14% Didn't know what S&M is

31% Said they liked the letters B, J, and F much better

15% Thought S&M stood for spaghetti and meatballs

21% Confused S&M with M&M

19% Said they never eat candy during sex

What Do You Find To Be The Sexiest Feature In A Partner?

Eyes 5%

Lips 6%

Teeth 3%

Chin 8%

Arms 2%

Left Shoulder 9%

Blade 6%

Right ear lobe 6%

Patella 11%

Pulmonary Artery 21%

Mesenteric Vein 9%

The Empty Area Between Legs 20%*



*LEARNED ANATOMY FROM KEN AND BARBIE DOLLS

What's Your Initial Reaction To This Porno Movie Scene?

15% How come there's no night light in this bedroom?

31% Does that silly lady who broke the ceiling mirror know she's going to have seven years hard luck?

20% The man in the dress could go to jail if he rips off that "Do Not Remove" tag from the mattress

18% Doesn't the man with the whipped cream know it's not kosher to mix dairy with meat?

16% I don't think that man truly loves his tennis shoes. He's probably just trying to make his bedroom slippers jealous!



PROFITABLE ENTERPRISE DEPT.

Usually, sequels to successful movies are total disasters. But the Producers of the "Star Blecc" series have it all backwards. The original was a total disaster and, by comparison, the sequel was a lot better! We're talking about

STAR BLECC



HAI

THE WRECK OF KORN

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



ON THE STARSHIP "U.S.S. REFINANCED"...

Checkoff... our mission is to seek out and explore areas that are devoid of life forms, so we can use them as subjects for "Project Geritol!"

Well... we've already checked out Hollywood! Where to next?

Wait a minute! Our sensors are picking up life forms on Alpo V!

Impossible! Not even a DOG could survive that environment! Let's beam down and see what's going on!



I don't believe it! It's the wreckage of the Starship "Botany Tie"! Look! There are piles of dirty dishes that have been accumulating for years!

It's rather obvious! A bachelor must live here!!

Very observant! My God! It's KORN!! You're alive!!

Yes! I am alive, and I never forget a face! How are you doing, Richmond?

Sorry, my name is Checkoff!

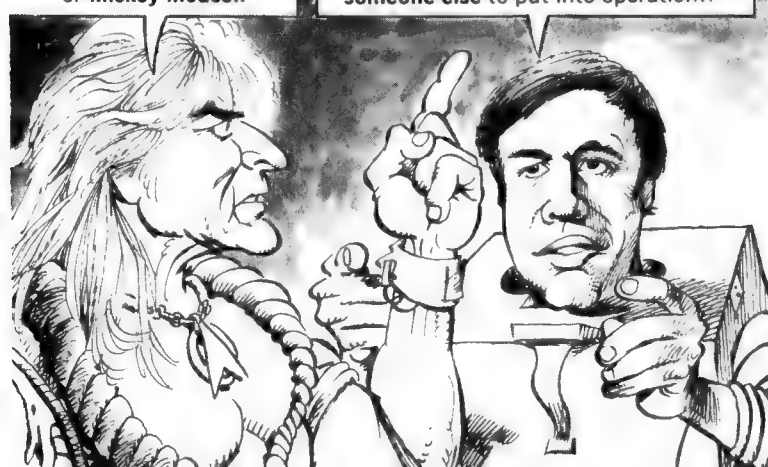
I never forget a face! Names?! They give me a real problem!



Your friend, Curt, had us fired off into space to spend all of eternity in suspended animation! So for fifteen long years, all I've seen is Pluto!! Not even Donald Duck... or Mickey Mouse!!

And for GOOD REASON!! You tried to take over the planet Earth! If you'd had your way, that poor planet would now be suffering from wars, inflation, high taxes, unemployment and—and—

Hey...!! Did you give your plan to someone else to put into operation?!



I have a little surprise for you! These slimy little BUGS are the only life that exists on "Alpo V"! They enter the ear and seek out the brain! Their prey becomes extremely susceptible to suggestion!

But look at the BRIGHT side! You'll have a "pet" for life! You'll never have to take him for a walk or feed him!



Happy birthday, Gym!
I brought you a bottle of **brown wine!**
It goes with so many more dishes than the everyday **green wine!**

Oh, yeah... Thanks!

Gym, are you feeling **moody?**

No! Yes! Maybe I am! Maybe I'm not! You may be right... but I don't think so!

Y'know, Gym, you **should** be back in command of a **Starship!** Desk work **doesn't** agree with you! I speak as your **FRIEND** and as your **DOCTOR!** As your friend, I suggest you do it for your **health!** As your **Doctor**, you owe me **\$50.00** for medical advice!

It's **really** good to see you back on the **flight deck** of the **Boobyprize**, Admiral Curt! Are you still feeling **badly** about reaching **middle age?**

Not any more! My mind is as **sharp** and as **clear** today as it was when I first took **Command!**

Oh-oh! We could be in **BIG TROUBLE!**



This is for **real** now, Lt. Savvy! Have you ever taken a **Starship** out of it's mooring?

No, Sir!

Then this if **your** chance! Do you think you can **handle** it?

Yes! If I remember my **four** years of instruction and my **training manuals** correctly, I push this **button** marked **"TOTAL AUTOMATIC DOCK DEPARTURE"**!

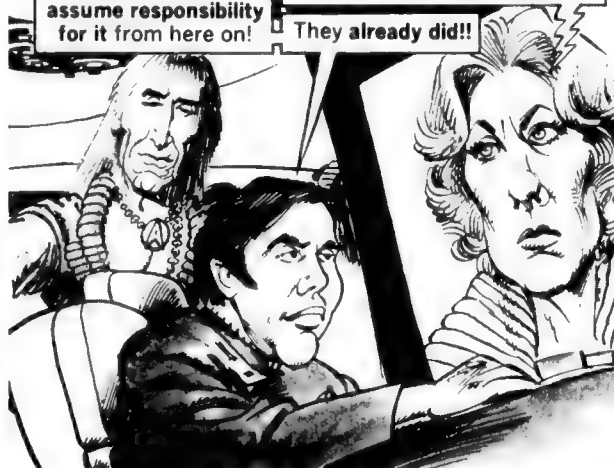
You forgot two items, Lieutenant! You must **ALSO** always hit the **"STAR BLECCH THEME"** button—and the **"AUDIO LIP"** button!!



Irregular One, this is **Checkoff!** We have been ordered to **pick up** all work done on **"Project Geritol!"** and assume **responsibility** for it from here on!

What?! Listen, I'm not giving up **"Project Geritol!"** without checking with **Adm. Curt** first! And if you don't like it, you can **stick it** in your ear!!

They already did!!



Admiral Curt, this is **Dr. Markus** on **Irregular One!**

crackle... crackle...

Admiral Curt, can you **hear** me! There seems to be **terrible interference!**

crackle... snap... pop!

Just barely, **Dr. Markus!**

crackle... snap... crackle

You'll have to **speak louder!** I'm eating a bowl of **Rice Krispies** and they're making a **terrible racket!**

snap... crackle... pop!!



Sorry, Admiral! We're **losing** the **picture!** It's just **snow** and **shadows!**

With all the **money** they **spent** on this ship, you'd think they could afford a **good roof** antenna for the **TV set!**

We **better** find out what's happening on **Irregular One!** Since that means going on **Active Duty**, the **Senior Officer** should be in charge!!

But, **Spook...** is that fair??

Admiral, I have **no ego** to **bruise!** And **besides...** if you screw up, it won't go on **MY** record!!





Attention, Crew! An emergency situation has come up, and I'm taking command of the ship!

If THAT isn't an emergency situation, I don't know WHAT IS!

Spook... WHY do you think Irregular One isn't answering our calls?

There are five possible answers, Admiral! They are unable to, they are helpless to, they are powerless to, they are incapable of, or they just plain can't!!

What a mind!! What a mind!! AGE doesn't affect it at all!!

Computer, give me all the data that you have on "Project Geritol"!

I—cannot—release—classified—data—unless—you—give—me—special—code—word! Can—you—give—me—special—code—word...?

Uh... negative!

Very—good!! Negative—is—special—code—word! Here—is—all—the—data—I—have!

Admiral, a ship has just entered our "too close for comfort" zone! It's the U.S.S. Refinanced!! And its defense shields are up!

They're attacking us!!

Admiral... should I call General Alert?

Why? Is General Alert aboard?

It's a condition, Sir, not a person! We've got a MAJOR DILEMMA here!

In that case, you'd better call General Alert AND Major Dilemma to the bridge... at once!

Admiral Curt... give up! I have you completely surrounded!

You're in one space-ship! How can you have us completely surrounded, Korn??

It happens to be a VERY FAST spaceship!

Listen, all you REALLY want is ME, Korn! I'll beam myself aboard...!

I want YOU... and all the data on "Project Geritol"! You have sixty seconds!!

Sixty seconds?!? I need more time that that! Give me at least a minute!

Okay! One minute!! You're lucky you caught me in a generous mood!

Every Starship has a super secret code number! If we could come up with the secret code number for the Refinanced, we could control their ship with our own computer!!

Come on!! It would be almost impossible for one to...

FOUR—ONE—TWO!

That's IT! That's their secret code number! Brilliant, Admiral! We've got them defenseless!!

With **Korn** and the **Re-financed** out of the **way**, it gives us this chance to beam down here to **Irregular One** so we can see exactly what's going—**OOPS!**

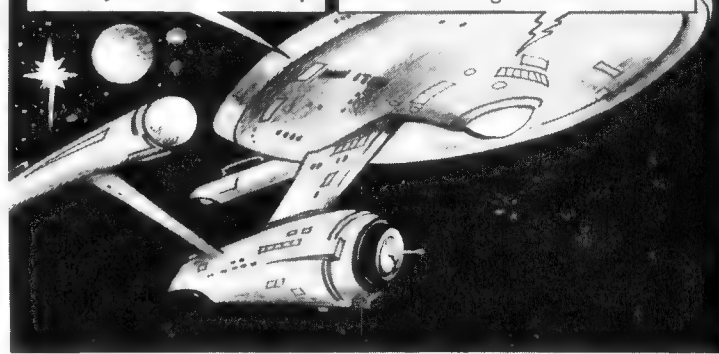
Hey, **Spotty!** What's wrong with the **trans-porter?!?**

I WARNED you! I TOLD you the **Boobyprize** had only about **HALF** the **power** needed to beam you down there! But, did you listen to me? **No! You went anyway!!**



Spook on the Boobyprize—to Admiral Curt on Irregular One! The situation here is **getting worse!** We're losing **more power!** Right now, we've got **only enough** to finish beaming you down... and then just beam your **SHOES** back up!

Spook, these are your orders! If we are **unable to return** to the **Boobyprize** in **one hour...** **leave without us!** Take the ship to the nearest **star station** and call **All-Space Insurance!** Tell them all the damage was done in a **parking lot** while the crew was inside eating in a **restaurant!**

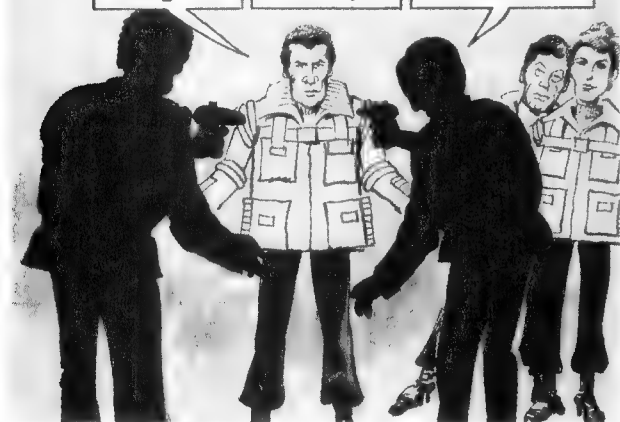


It's **Checkoff** and **Captain Terroryell!!** **Checkoff...** what are you doing with that **gun?!?**

Don't move, Admiral! You don't know how **hard** it is for me to **shoot** you!

Your feelings for me run that **deep, huh?**

What feelings!? I've got **terrible aim!!**



Captain **Terroryell** just shot himself!

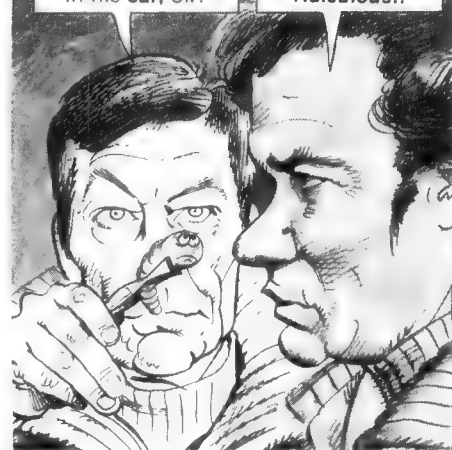
Boy, he has **worse aim** than **Checkoff!**



Checkoff seems to be coming back to his **senses** again!

Look what I found in his **ear, Sir!**

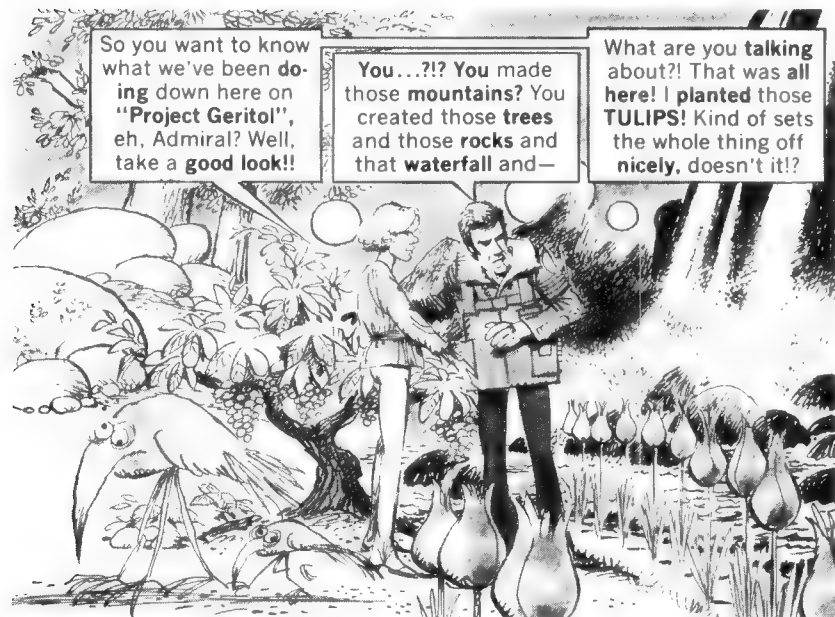
Hmmm! I KNEW something was **BUGGING** him...but **THIS** is absolutely **ridiculous!!**



So you want to know what we've been **doing** down here on "**Project Geritol**", eh, Admiral? Well, take a **good look!!**

You...?!? You made those **mountains?** You created those **trees** and those **rocks** and that **waterfall** and—

What are you talking about?! That was **all here!** I **planted** those **TULIPS!** Kind of sets the whole thing off **nicely**, doesn't it!?



Okay, Spook! You can **beam us back up** now!

Beam us back up? But I thought the **Boobyprize** had a **TOTAL POWER FAILURE!!**

Let's call it a **little deception**, my dear...

I get it! To **fool Korn!!**

Yes, partly to **fool Korn...** but **mostly** to **fool** the **Inter-stellar Utility Company!** It keeps our **electric bills** **reasonable!**





Damage, Spotty?

No, thank you, Admiral Curt! We have plenty of it already!

Korn can easily outmanuever us, out-run us and out-gun us! And yet, you seem so UNWORRIED, Admiral!

Don't worry, Spook! We will come out on top in the long run! Korn isn't the ONLY one who can make a FANTASY come true!



I'm picking up a very strange energy source on Refinanced ...one that I've never seen before!!

Good Lord! They've set Geritol for detonation!

HOW dangerous IS Geritol!

VERY!! It's got the power of two million bottles of prune juice!!



Spotty! Get us OUT of here!!

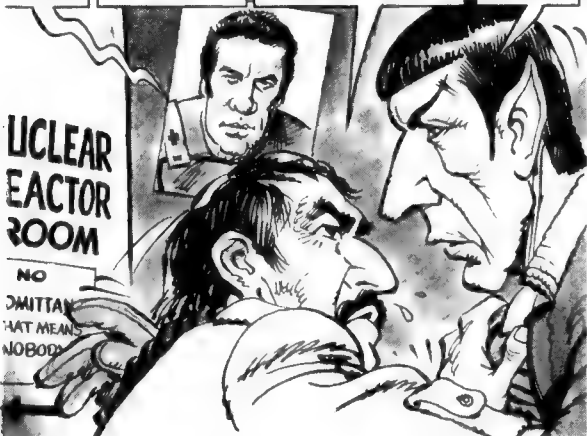
We're not going anywhere, Sir! The nuclear reactor is out!!

MR. SPOOK!! You can't go in there! There are fifty million-zillion units of radio-activity in there!

Don't worry, Mr. Spot! I've got gloves!

I fixed the reactor, Admiral! I—I think we're out of danger!

WE, yes! You...?! Don't ask!



NUCLEAR REACTOR ROOM

NO ADMITTANCE THAT MEANS NOBODY



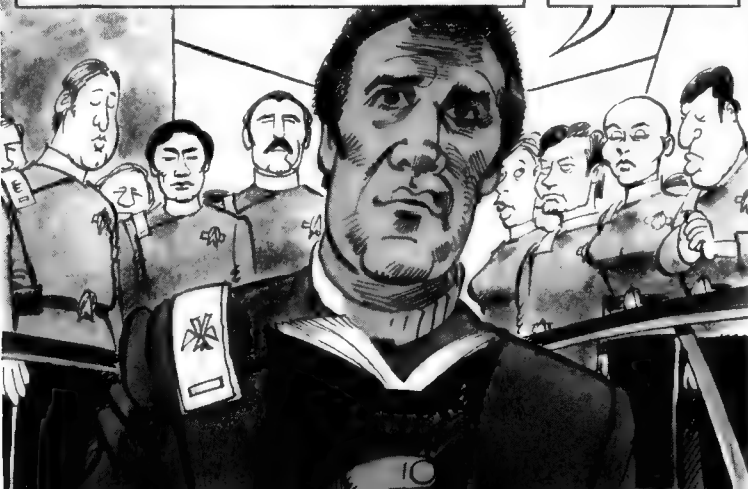
Well... there goes the WRECK of KORN! But he sure keeps on fighting—down to his last breath!

Just you wait, Admiral Curt! You're going to hear from my LAWYERS!



We are gathered to pay our respects to a very special human be—er...person—er...Vulgan! His heart was big, his mind was broad, his spirit was gigantic, and his ears—his ears—

Well, enough sentimentality! Fire his coffin into space!

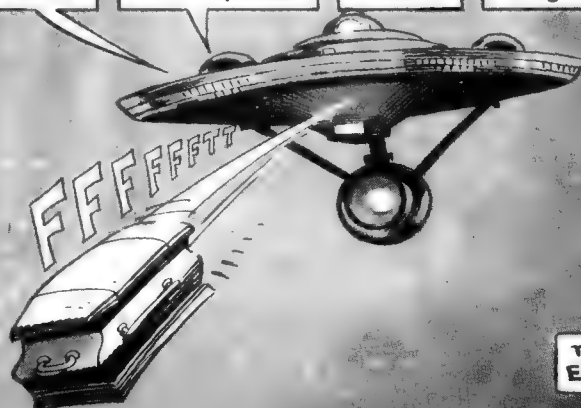


WHY did we kill him off in this movie, Sir?!!

He wanted to try other things! So far, the only thing he's got lined up is another "In Search Of..." episode!

"Leonard Nimoy ...In Search of an Acting Career"!

Don't worry! He'll be back for "Star Blecch III"! It's the only logical thing to do!



THE END?

CLOCK WATCHING

What are you still doing up?
Do you know what time it is?

Yeah!

I doubt you do! Tell me—
exactly what time is it?

Half past
"Moonlighting"!



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTS

FIDELITY

Boy, you just can't trust any
of them! I've just found out
that Sue is a liar, a cheat,
and totally untrustworthy!

Why do
you
say
that?

She told me she was out
last night with her
girl friend Sherry!

So, how do
you know
she wasn't?

Because last night I
was out with Sherry!





FINANCES



R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

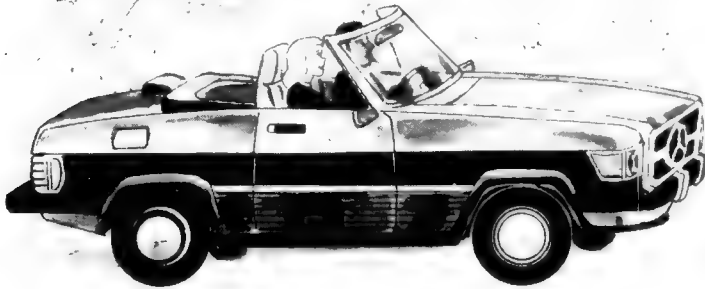
INSECTS



CARS



Wow! This car sure has starting power!



It went from zero to a fifty dollar fine in a matter of seconds!



BRAGGING

We're so proud of our Judy! It's wonderful to have a normal, teenage daughter with no hang-ups!

Except when it comes to the telephone...

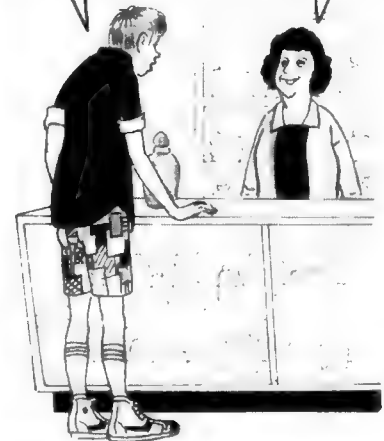
Then she never hangs up!



GIFT-GIVING

I want to buy a birthday present for my girl friend, but I don't know what to buy! Can you help me out?

Of course! What type of person is she?



ON-THE-JOB TRAINING

Terry, this is Elena! Today's her first day on the job, so show her around and teach her the ropes!

Sure thing, Mr. De Lucia! C'mon, Elena...

You'll soon learn this isn't the safest job in the world! There are several occupational hazards!

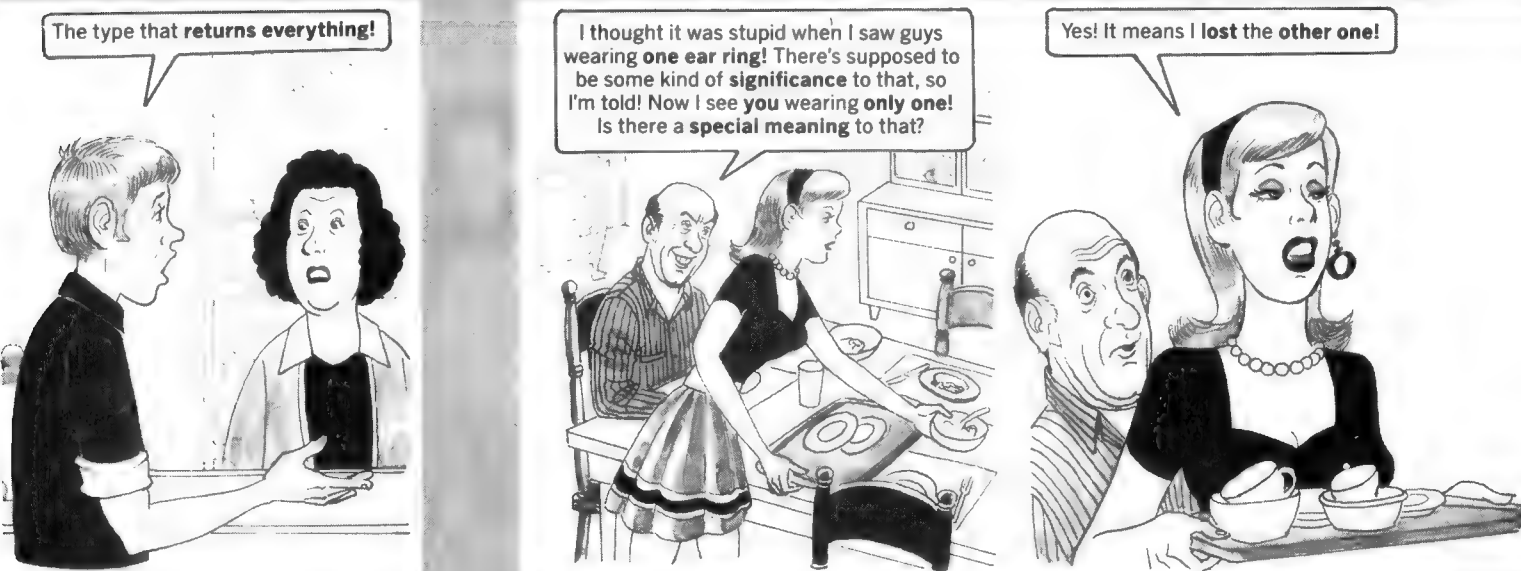
And here they are...



POPULARITY



FADS



CAUTION



HOT WEATHER



KNOWLEDGE



DOCTORS



The average American spends more than ¼ of his waking hours in front of a TV set watching silly "entertainment"—a category that may not even include "Sixty Minutes" or "Wall Street Week." The worst thing about this waste of time is that it really isn't necessary. MAD has found that a mere handful of basic plots exist in all of television. Thus, with a little practice, anyone can guess how an hour-long story is bound to unfold after watching only the first two or three minutes of it. Obviously, plot-spotting is a desirable skill to master because it allows you to monitor your favorite shows while freeing you to do other things for 58 minutes out of every hour. So stick with us, and we'll demonstrate how to analyze the opening scenes of typical programs and turn them into

TV SHOWS YOU DON'T NEED TO FINISH WATCHING

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH

WRITER: TOM KOCH

INSTANT PLOT SUMMARY

Already, you can be sure that the bride, unbeknownst to her rich new husband, has a dark, hidden past in which she was either (a) a dance hall floozy, (b) an underworld gun moll or (c) a notorious unwed mother. Having been spotted by a slimy creep who knew her in her former questionable life, she will immediately become a target for blackmail. This naturally will force her to hire an expensive private eye for engaging in car chases, shooting most of the other guests in the hotel and winning the eventual forgiveness of her twerpish husband.

INSTANT PLOT SUMMARY

Even an idiot should guess this one, unless you're an idiot who wasn't paying attention when it was established that the neighborhood kids have a jazz combo. Now it's a sure thing that they will all be miraculously rushed to the country club on short notice. And even more miraculously, they'll all be wearing identical tuxedos. But most miraculous of all, the kids will play better than Benny Goodman in his prime. And this, of course, will set up the final happy scene where Dad receives the club's Golden Golf Shoe Award for his brilliant work as Entertainment Chairman.

Look, Darling! Another flunky . . . bowing and scraping before us! I think I'm just going to love being Mrs. J. Hartford Perlmeu III!

Yes, enormous wealth and high social position DO have their advantages, my Dear!

Well, if it ain't Trixie LaToosh . . . in the flesh . . . after all these years! How's tricks, Trixie . . . ?

Pamela, dear, who IS this slimy, creepish person??

I don't know! There's been some mistake!

Hey . . . whatever you say, Kiddo! But . . . think about it . . . !

I'll bet I get a standing ovation tonight for hiring Schlipkus And His Trained Dogs to entertain at the Country Club Follies!!

How come you didn't give our fifth grade jazz combo a chance to try out first, Pa?

Because your father needed professional entertainers, Roscoe! You're just a bunch of kids horsing around!

Terrible news, folks! Bad weather has shut down the airport! Schlipkus And His Trained Dogs can't get here tonight!!

Holy mackerel! The show is due to start in an HOUR . . . and now we have no entertainment!

Too bad the game went thirty-seven extra innings! Now we have to drive home at 4 A.M.!

Yeah . . . and down this deserted country road where everybody's asleep for miles around!



Oh-oh! Consarn! We're out of gas! Now we'll have to wait here till the milk truck comes through in the morning!

It's creepy, Paw! So . . . so quiet!! An' yet, I feel like somebody's WATCHIN' us!!



INSTANT PLOT SUMMARY

Obviously, a UFO is about to appear, because space creatures on TV always appear whenever they spot a stalled car on a deserted road at 4 A.M. That's so their victims will be laughing stocks when they report a flying saucer, but can't produce any witnesses. In fact, you can bet that nobody will believe the story except an eccentric college professor. In Act III, the professor will find a strange message engraved on a metal disc at the landing site. But the stupid cops will claim it's just a large "yo-yo" with Chinese printing on it, leaving the UFO mystery still unsolved.

You guys go on without me! I promised my wife I'd look up her uncle while I'm here at the convention!

Ahh, don't be a wet blanket, Sid! We've got reservations at the most exclusive nightclub in town!



Hey, THIS isn't an exclusive nightclub! This is a strip tease joint! I KNEW I shouldn't have come!

Ahh, don't be a wet blanket, Sid! It's "exclusive" because everything that goes on here is ILLEGAL!



INSTANT PLOT SUMMARY

This dull story has many variations, all of which seem alike. In the next scene, the "star" will be further embarrassed when a chorus girl either (a) falls in his lap, (b) coyly musses his hair or (c) throws him her garter. At that very moment, he will realize he's been spotted by (a) his wife's uncle, (b) his wife's minister or (c) his wife's minister's uncle. In the final hilarious scene, the star will either (a) beg his friends to vouch for him, (b) beg his wife to believe him or (c) beg his pet dog to share the mutt's sleeping place under the porch.

Hiring a convicted shop-lifter to be your stockroom boy really boosts our Juvenile Delinquent Rehabilitation Program, Mr. Bonwit! Thanks . . .!

I'm glad to help, Sergeant! A bright lad like Shifty shouldn't be penalized for making one small mistake!

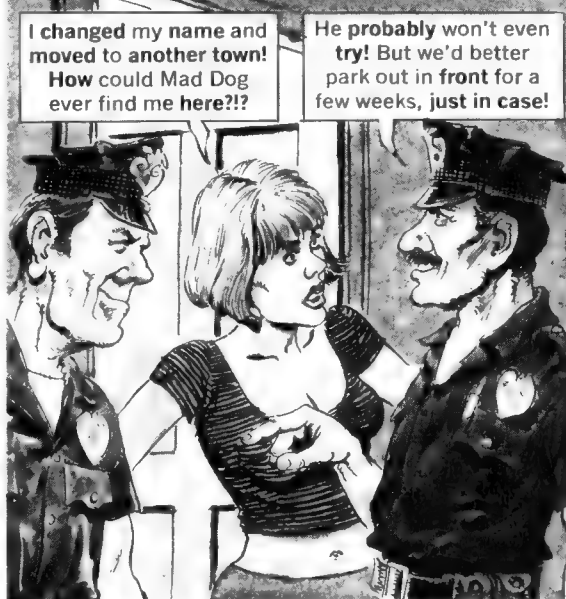
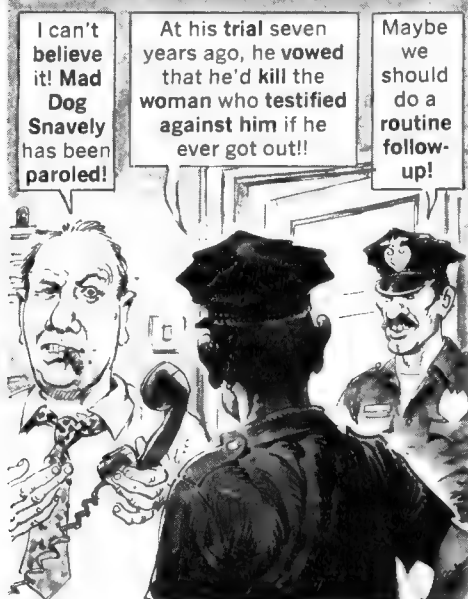


My purse disappeared . . . right off my desk! The thief had to be someone working in the stockroom! I've already called the Police!



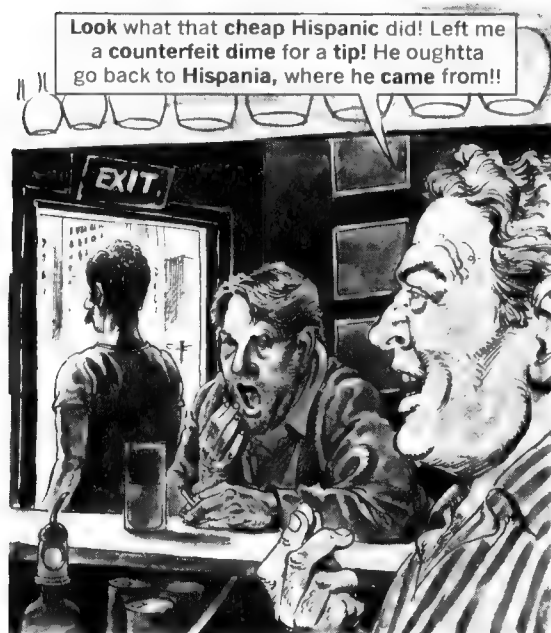
INSTANT PLOT SUMMARY

This tired idea invariably becomes a 3-act, one-hour story that no trained plot-guesser need waste time watching. In Act I, the cops will discover that a stockroom employee has a criminal record. In Act II, the clean-cut young parolee will be tossed in the slammer despite his plea of innocence. In Act III, his accuser will sheepishly admit she found her purse in her desk drawer where she left it. In the closing tag, the fine young lad is welcomed back to the store and appointed Manager of the Men's Belt and Suspender Department.



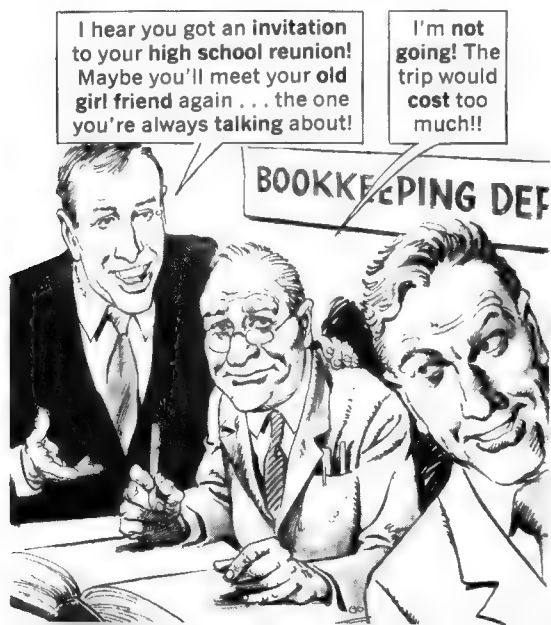
INSTANT PLOT SUMMARY

Naturally, Mad Dog won't even stop to change socks before he buys a gun and steals a car (or in a slight variation, steals a gun and buys a car) and arrives, seeking revenge. Also, naturally, the cops on stakeout will go to lunch ten seconds before he gets there. This will enable him to get inside the house and hold the woman hostage for half the show while the police, his Mother and an Irish priest try to reason with him by bullhorn. In the final scene, the co-stars — who defy a superior officer's orders — will capture him by coming up through the plumbing.



INSTANT PLOT SUMMARY

Since every comedy show in TV has had an episode in which the Leading Nerd finds a rare coin, you know that he always loses it by dumbly dropping it into a pay phone. Since this specific Nerd is also a funny bigot, you should also know that the phone repairman sent out to retrieve the coin is either (a) Black, (b) Puerto Rican or (c) most humorous of all, a Black Puerto Rican. This provides for some ethnic jokes before the Nerd loses his treasure again in the last act so the writers won't have to explain why he's still poor on the next week's show.



INSTANT PLOT SUMMARY

Most assuredly, the former Prom Queen will display her shallowness of character at the reunion by coming on strong for the married former captain of the football team. Meanwhile, our hero will hide in a corner where he will meet a shy female classmate hiding in the same corner. They will discover that they are both single. In addition, they share an interest in ecology, recorder music and checkers. In the last scene, they will become engaged just as the Prom Queen catches her bus back to Toledo, alone . . . where she is still a waitress and a divorced mother of eight.

A TRIVIAL PURSUIT DEPT.

Space...the exploitable frontier! These are the continuing efforts of the "Star Trek" movie Producers! Their mission: to seek out new Box Office smash hits; to explore new special effects and new gimmicks for merchandising revenue; to boldly go back to the well where they have already gone twice before...only this time, to come up with a movie sadly lacking in one vital element! Mainly,

STAR B THE SEA

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

Friends, in "Star Blech II," Mr. Spook gave his life so that we all might live! Now, we have repaid him in the only honorable way possible, by shooting his body into space! Yes, we've sent him "Vulgan Express"...because we absolutely had to get him to the planet Genisick overnight! Spook was our friend...our companion...and our running gag! We shall miss him!!

I heard that Spook wanted to leave his body to Science!

Yeah, but Science wanted to give back the ears!!

Wow! His coffin hurled into space!! What a rough way to GO!!

If you think that's rough on Spook...what about his PALL-BEARERS?!? They're still clinging to the coffin!

Spook was a good man! He hated intergalactic evil and corruption of any kind!!

What makes you say that?

In his last will, he requested that his body be cremated...and his ashes thrown into Darth Vader's face!!



LECCH III

RCH FOR PLOT

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

Good to see you working again, Hoohah!

You, too, Spotty!

Do you realize that these "Star Blech!" films are the **ONLY** time we're employed as actors...?

Yeah, but not Adm. Quirk! He has that popular "T.J. Hooker" series!!

POPULAR?!?

The world is full of "Trekkies"! How many "HOOKIES" do you see these days?!



Something very strange, Admiral Quirk! I'm getting an energy reading coming from inside Mr. Spook's quarters!

What?? That's impossible! Spook is DEAD!

Gym! Help me! Why did you leave me on the planet Genisick... without any luggage....??

That's SPOOK! It... it's Mr. Spook's voice!

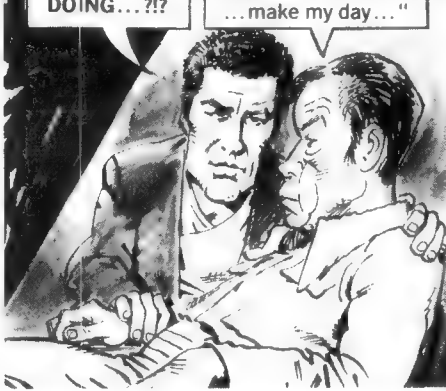
No, it's Bony McGoy! Bony, what are you DOING...?!

I'm doing Mr. Spook!

Wanna hear my Jack Nicholson? I also do Charles Bronson and a pretty fair Clint Eastwood! "Go ahead... make my day..."

Bony!! Have you gone MAD???

I don't think so! They make millions in Vegas with Elvis impressions! I could clean up impersonating a recently dead cult figure like Spook!



Wow! Look at THAT! Do you see what I see?

We sure do! It's the new Starship, "Exseltzer"... a sure-fire merchandising gimmick for our next sequel, "Star Blech IV"!

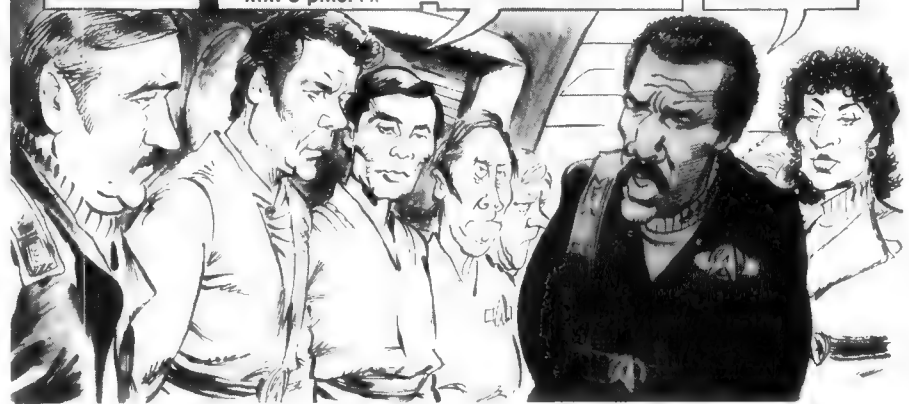
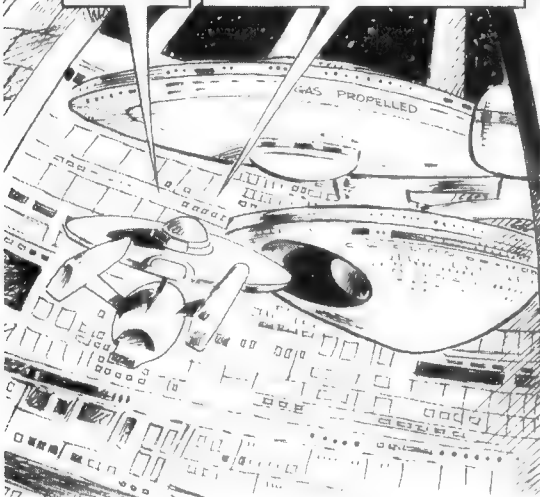
Sorry, Quirk I'm afraid that wear and tear have taken their toll! I have never seen such a battered hulk!

Please reconsider, Commander! I—I'll start using Grecian Formula! I'll start pumping iron! I'll start popping Vitamin C pills! I'll—

Not YOU, Quirk! It's your ship, the "Boobyprize"! It's become the Edsel of Outer Space! We're going to have to make changes!

Are you saying...??

Yes... the "Boobyprize" will boldly go where no Starship has gone before... into MOTHBALLS!



Quirk, I've come to find out why you sent my son's body to Genisick, when his family plot is on Vulcan?

His family plot???

Yes He WAS to be buried in an Orthodox Vulcan cemetery! The relatives were there! We had a Deli platter—

Besides, my son Spook is not completely dead!

Not completely dead?! Isn't that like being a little bit pregnant?

My son's BODY is on Genisick, but his SPIRIT is HERE! And I'd like them to be TOGETHER! I'm a nut on neatness!!

May I Join your mind?

What IS this?

A Vulcan mind-melt! I'm trying to figure out where his spirit voice comes from!

I... I don't understand!!

Quirk, this film offers adventure, fun and some neat special effects! Why nit pick over "understanding"? Besides, I think the answer lies on Genisick...





Lt. Slavic and Davey Mockup of the Survey Team... reporting back to Starbase!!

Report location! Are you on the planet Genisick? Over...

Not sure! There's nothing here but cemeteries, strange crawling things, and a temperature that's decreasing from tropical to freezing....!

Quick Come back! You've landed in Miami Beach!!

Look!! A BABY...

Unbelievable! The "Genisick Effect" has regenerated a life form! It's—it's a BABY CAPTAIN SPOOK...!!

And he's AGING RAPIDLY! He's going from INFANCY... to BOYHOOD...

But... Why is he SCREAMING??

He's going through PUBERTY!

Is it THAT painful?

Only TWELVE SECONDS of PUBERTY? Wouldn't YOU scream?!

Every seven years, the Vulcan male must endure pain!

How can we stop this torture!

ARRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGHHH...

He says there's only one way!! Get into the back seat of a space ship with him....!!

Spook may be dead, but PARTS of him are still very much alive....!!

Good news, Bony...! You're NOT a candidate for the Federation Funny Farm!

Then why am I acting like a reject from "The Exorcist"?

I'll explain! Before he died, Spook was able to transfer HIS mind into YOUR body!!

Is that the famous "Mind-Melt" developed by the Vulgans??

Yes... and perfected by an ancient Earthling named Reverend Moon!

Isn't this terribly out of line, Admiral... stealing the "Boobyprize" against Federation orders...?

It's the only way, Zulu! Our mission is to zoom to the planet Genisick, pick up Spook's body, and bring it back to his home on Vulcan....!!

Some come-down! Once we were the greatest Starship in the fleet! Now we're nothing but a HEARSE!

The Supership "Exseltzer" is in pursuit of us! Give me IMPULSE POWER, Mr. Spott...!!

You've got it, Sir...!

Give me WARP SPEED!!

You've got it, Sir...!

Give me NEW LINES!!

I CAN'T DO that, Sir!

Please!! I've been giving these same command words for years, and I'm bored stiff with them! I MUST have new dialogue!

I'm an Engineer... NOT a Magician!! I CAN'T perform miracles!!

Admiral Quirk... this is **Commander Crude** of the Kingkongs! I command you to **surrender!**

I'll never do that!

Then you will **PERISH!**

You Kingkongs cannot win against the Federation! It's like banging your head against a brick wall!

You fools! Banging our heads against brick walls is our specialty!!

Quirk, unless we get the **secret** of Genisick, I am going to kill one of these **hostages!** Which one will it be? The girl...? Your son...? Or the **Vulgan male...**?

Is there **no limit** to your **evil**, Commander Crude...? First you are a **treacherous villain**... and now, you're a **sleazy Game Show Host!**



Admiral, the **Kingkongs** are **boarding** our ship!!

Let them board, Spotty! We have **goodness and decency** on our side!

But they'll **KILL** us!!

In that case go to **Plan B!**

What's that...?

When **goodness and decency** just aren't enough...

...use **TRICKERY** and **DECEIT!** Set the ship to **self-destruct** while we escape by **beaming down** to **Genisick...**!!

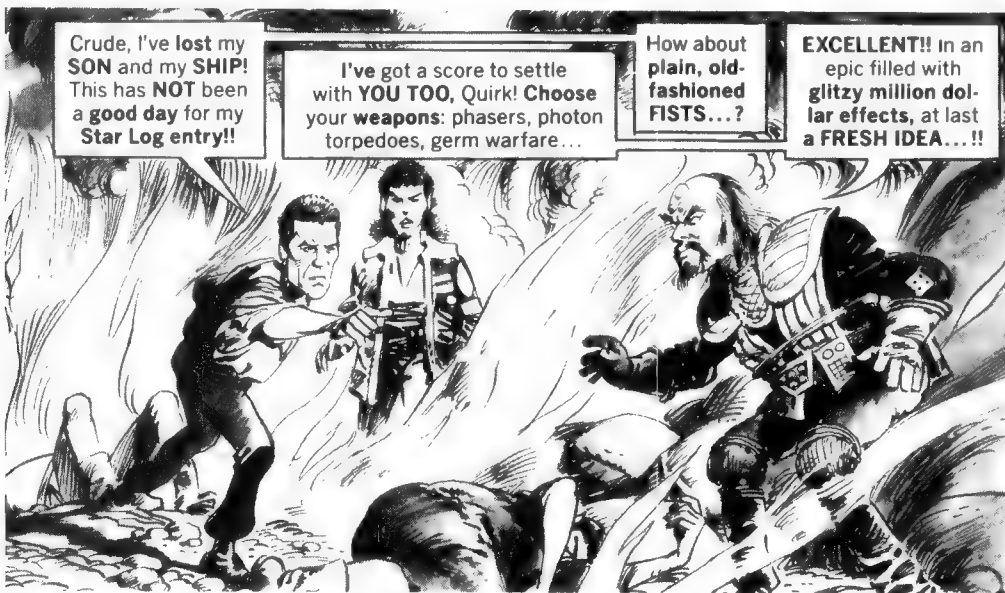


Crude, I've **lost** my **SON** and my **SHIP!** This has **NOT** been a **good day** for my **Star Log** entry!!

I've got a score to settle with **YOU TOO**, Quirk! Choose your **weapons**: phasers, photon torpedoes, germ warfare...

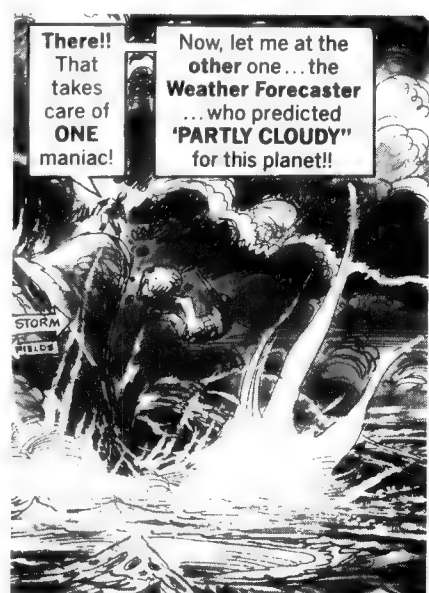
How about **plain, old-fashioned FISTS...**?

EXCELLENT!! In an epic filled with **glitzy million dollar effects**, at last a **FRESH IDEA...**!!



There!! That takes care of **ONE** maniac!

Now, let me at the **other one...** the **Weather Forecaster**... who predicted **'PARTLY CLOUDY'** for this planet!!





Mr. Spook is barely alive!

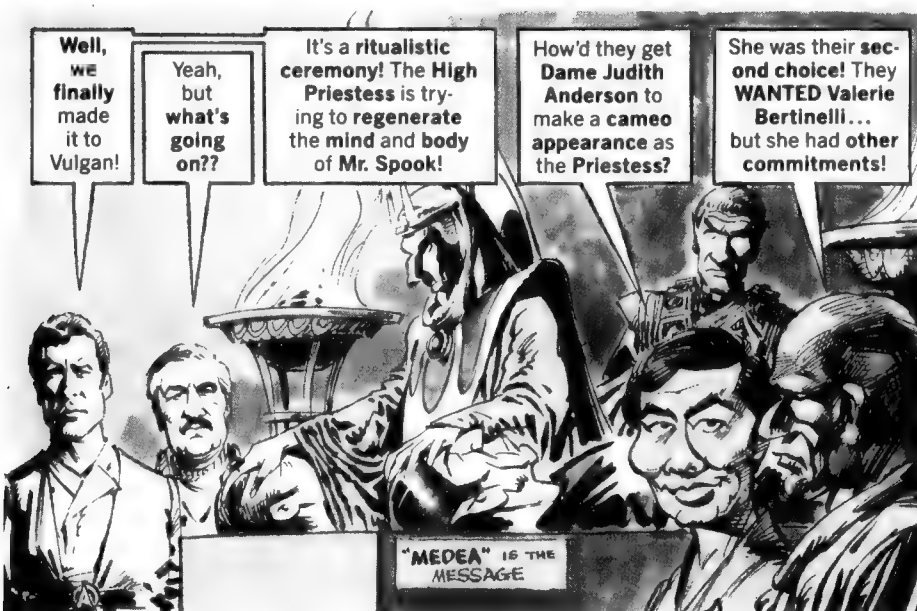
Our only hope is to zoom him to the planet where he rightfully belongs!



Where ARE we...?

Where you rightfully belong! This is "The Planet Of The Sequels"!!

Not THIS!! Not yet! Set a course for Vulkan...!!



Well, we finally made it to Vulkan!

Yeah, but what's going on??

It's a ritualistic ceremony! The High Priestess is trying to regenerate the mind and body of Mr. Spook!

How'd they get Dame Judith Anderson to make a cameo appearance as the Priestess?

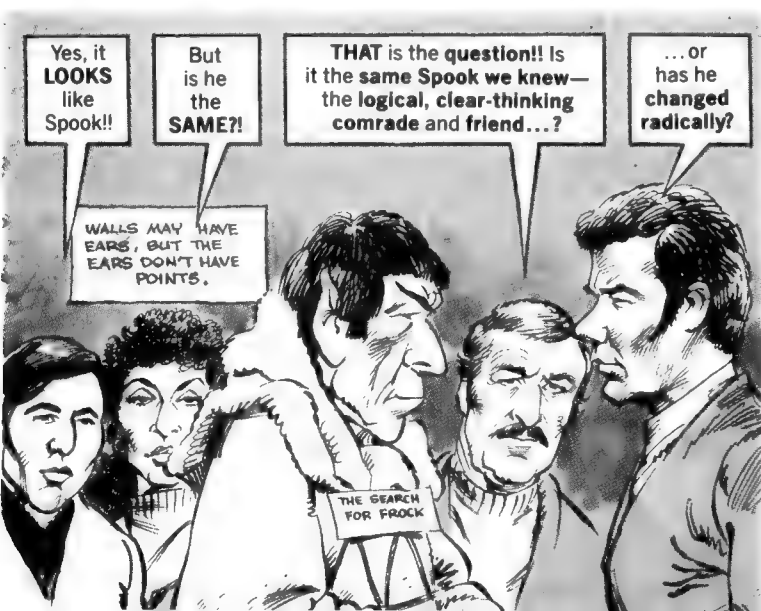
She was their second choice! They WANTED Valerie Bertinelli... but she had other commitments!

"MEDEA" IS THE MESSAGE



We're his friends! Level with us! How is he...?

Remember back in 1970... "Old Blue Eyes" came back?!? And then in 1975... "Sedaka is back!"?!? Well, it's 2297 ...and now SPOOK IS BACK!!



Yes, it LOOKS like Spook!!

But is he the SAME?!

THAT is the question!! Is it the same Spook we knew—the logical, clear-thinking comrade and friend...?

...or has he changed radically?

WALLS MAY HAVE EARS, BUT THE EARS DON'T HAVE POINTS.

THE SEARCH FOR SPOCK



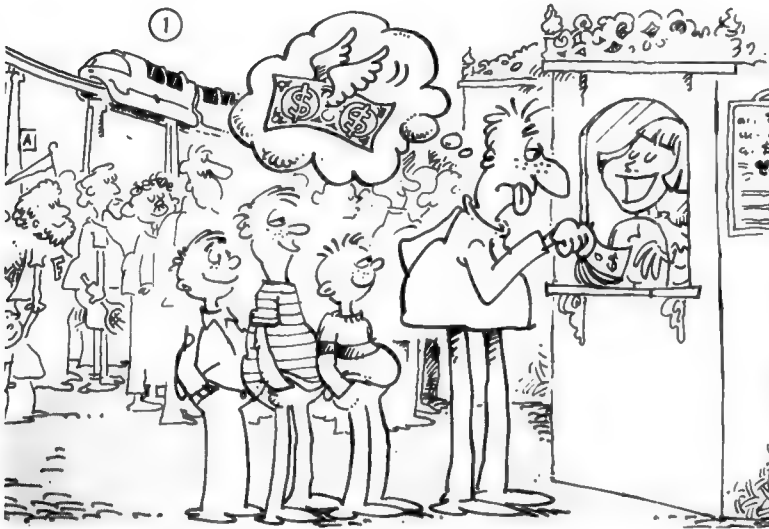
No, I haven't changed, Gym! I'm back as the same old Spook!!

Remember! The needs of the MANY outweigh the needs of the ONE!!

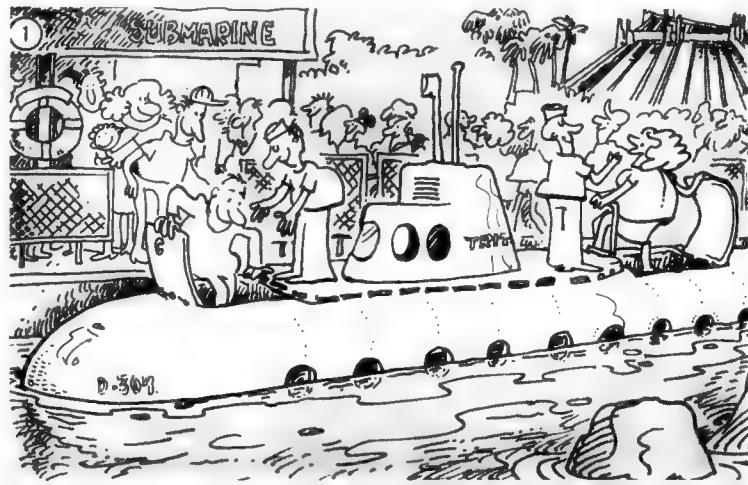
Mainly... without this ONE character... ME... there wouldn't be MANY more sequels...!!

...AND THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES... AD NAUSEUM!!

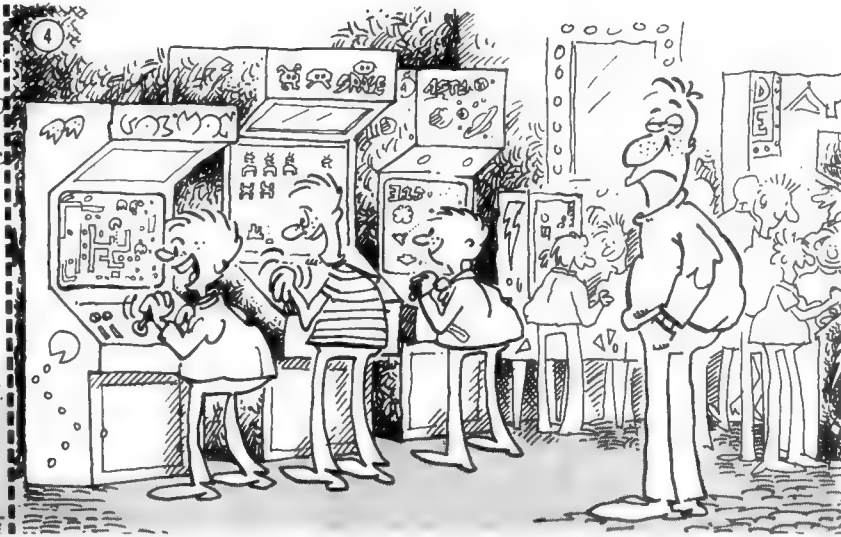
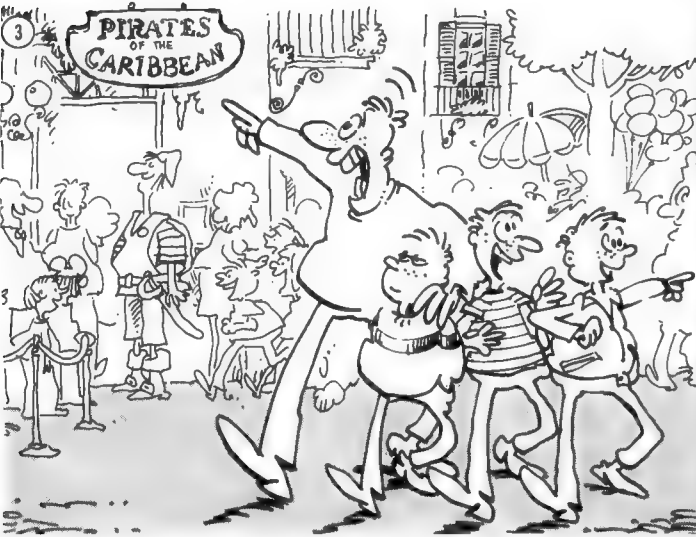
A MAD LOOK AT THE.. DISNEY



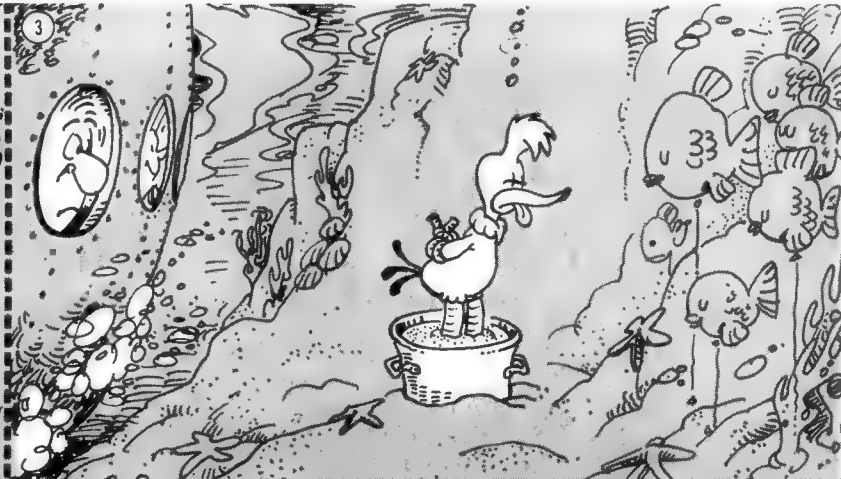
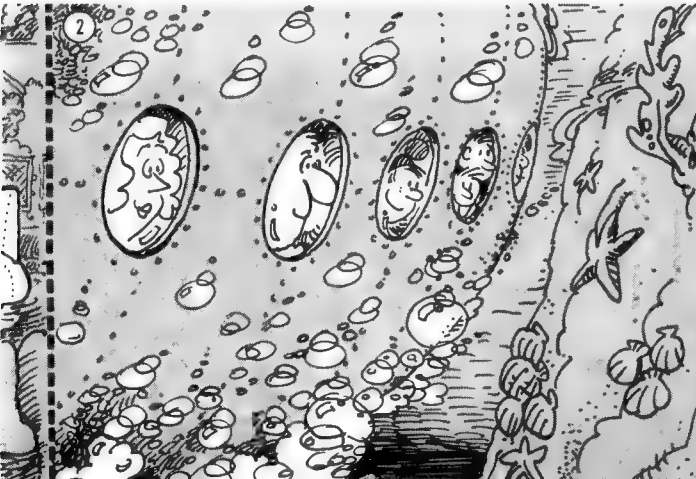
ARTIST AND WRITE



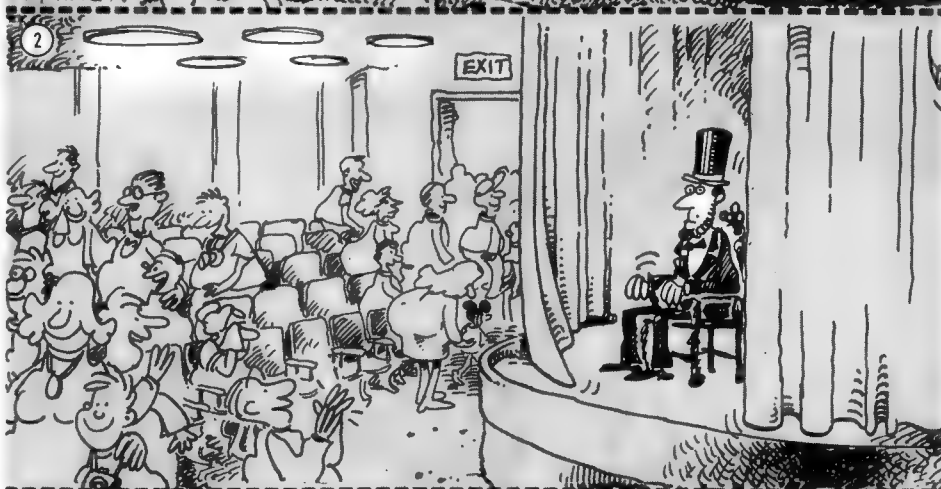
WORLDS



SERGIO ARAGONES







Admiral's Log—Stardate: 8756½. We have been in space since Earth-year 1966—on prime-time TV, in syndication and in three motion pictures, not to mention merchandising, cartoons, and arcade games. We have endured adoration, exploitation and a horrible first film. Yet we go on, resisting age, wrinkles and flab. But now, the end may be in sight as we return home in ...



We have a **choice!** We can return to Earth and be **court-martialed** and **executed** for **mutiny, treason** and **wanton destruction** of a **sequel** or we can remain here, marooned on **Vulcan!**

What happens if we choose to **stay?**

We'll spend the rest of our days living the life of a **free-wheeling Vulcan**—like **Schlock**, here.

Some choice! Either way we lose! I choose **Earth!** At least **death** is more **interesting** than **terminal boredom!**

Spotty, have you seen any **Vulcan TV?** Their top-rated show is "**Life-Styles of the Dull and Inert!**"

Earth once had TV like that! It was called **PBS!**

Centuries ago, Vulcan was called "**The Dead Planet!**"

You can't beat **ancient wisdom!**

Hello, **Admiral!**

Schlock, I'm your old comrade! Call me **Jim!**

And I'm **director** and **co-writer** of this film! Call me **SIR!**

HU-PERSON BEING.

Ειρήνη

IIIQT
DRUCKER

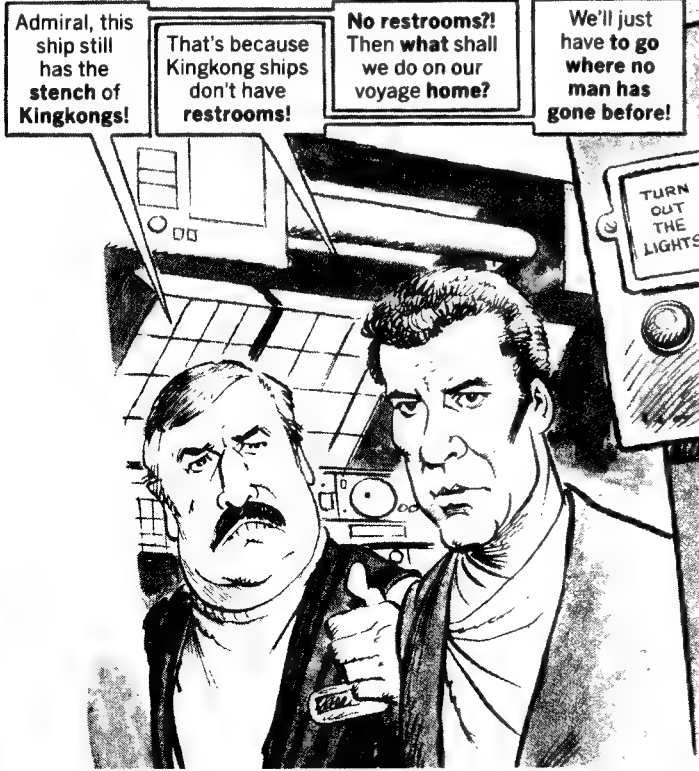
SCHLOCK

STAR BLECCH IV

THE VOYAGE BOMBS

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



The probe is emitting a terrifying groaning sound!

Can we identify it?

The computer gives us two choices! It's either whale talk or a recording of a rock star from the 1980's named David Lee Roth!

Tough choice! Let's see pictures of extinct whales!

You mule-eared ninny! That's the Prince and Princess of Wales! I thought you Vulcans were intellectual giants!

Yes, but we're lousy spellers!



We could time-warp back to 1987, pick up two whales and transport them back to the 23rd century!

Nah, even if we succeeded it would only mean another sequel!

That's easy for you to say, sir! You can always grab another series, like "T.J. Hooker!" But for Dr. McGoy and me, no more sequels means the end of our careers!

Very well! Using the "slingshot effect," we'll shoot around the sun and zoom backwards in time! If nothing else, we'll get a gorgeous tan!



We've landed among a bunch of wild, lawless Kingkongs!

No, Mr. Spott! These are typical citizens of San Francisco in 1987!

I'd feel safer with Kingkongs!

We'll need some 20th-Century American money! Yuhuhu, as an attractive woman, it's your job to go hustle those sailors!

Admiral, may I remind you, we're in San Francisco!

You're right! Sumu, Checkout, YOU go hustle those sailors!





We need exact change for the bus, so I changed a \$50 bill with that honest-looking man!

Interesting! This coin says "Wheaties NFL Stars" and has a portrait of someone named "Walter Payton"!

Mine shows "Joe Montana"! I believe they were both U.S. Presidents!

Your knowledge of history is impressive!

These whales are named Gorge and Greasy! I'm Galleon Tailfin, a leading whale expert!

How big are the whales?

Real big! Some are even bigger!

Do they have human characteristics?

We think they do except when they don't, but even when they don't, we think they do!

What's Galleon's background?

Writing speeches for Ron Reagan!

What's your friend doing with Greasy?

He's communicating with her through a Mind-Melt! He has unusual powers!

But he's blowing in her ear!

He's also kind of kinky!

I've taught Gorge and Greasy everything they know!

Then you're aware Greasy is pregnant!

...everything except birth control!

What's more, Gorge is denying he's the father!

It's true! Whales do have human characteristics!

SAVE THE WHALES SO THEY CAN SAVE US LATER!

HUG A WHALE

I feel you're hiding something from me, Jim!

Okay, I'll level with you! I command a space-ship in the 23rd Century, which has returned through time to save Earth from extinction!

What a relief! I thought you were going to tell me you were married!

I couldn't get the plexiglass for the whale tank unless I gave the dealer something in return!

What did you give the guy?

Two phasers, a case of photon torpedoes, a Romulon torture kit and free passes to the April 2288 Guron Film Festival!

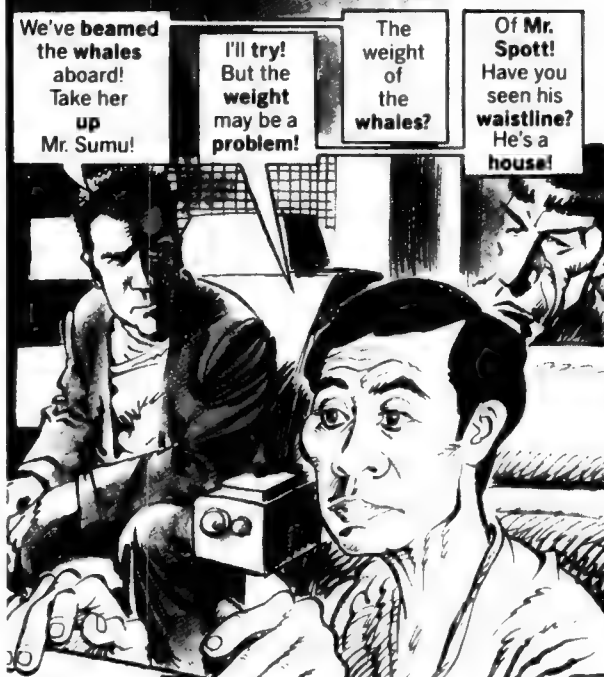
Good, just so long as you didn't blow our cover!



Let's mess around Jim! How about it—my century or yours?

Why me? Surely there are available men here!

Men?! Here?! In San Francisco?!

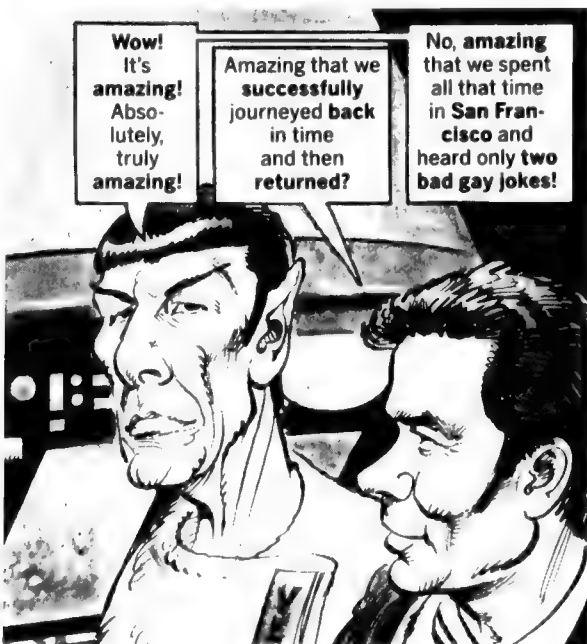


We've beamed the whales aboard! Take her up Mr. Sumu!

I'll try! But the weight may be a problem!

The weight of the whales?

Of Mr. Spott! Have you seen his waistline? He's a house!



Wow! It's amazing! Absolutely, truly amazing!

Amazing that we successfully journeyed back in time and then returned?

No, amazing that we spent all that time in San Francisco and heard only two bad gay jokes!



Schlock, you are not accused! You do not have to stand there with the others.

I want to be with my friends!

Very well! You are all accused of mutiny and treason! The penalty for these crimes is death by hanging—after being shot!

Mr. President, I said I wanted to be with my friends. May I join them? They're sitting over there!



Admiral Quirk was demoted to Captain and given back his spaceship!

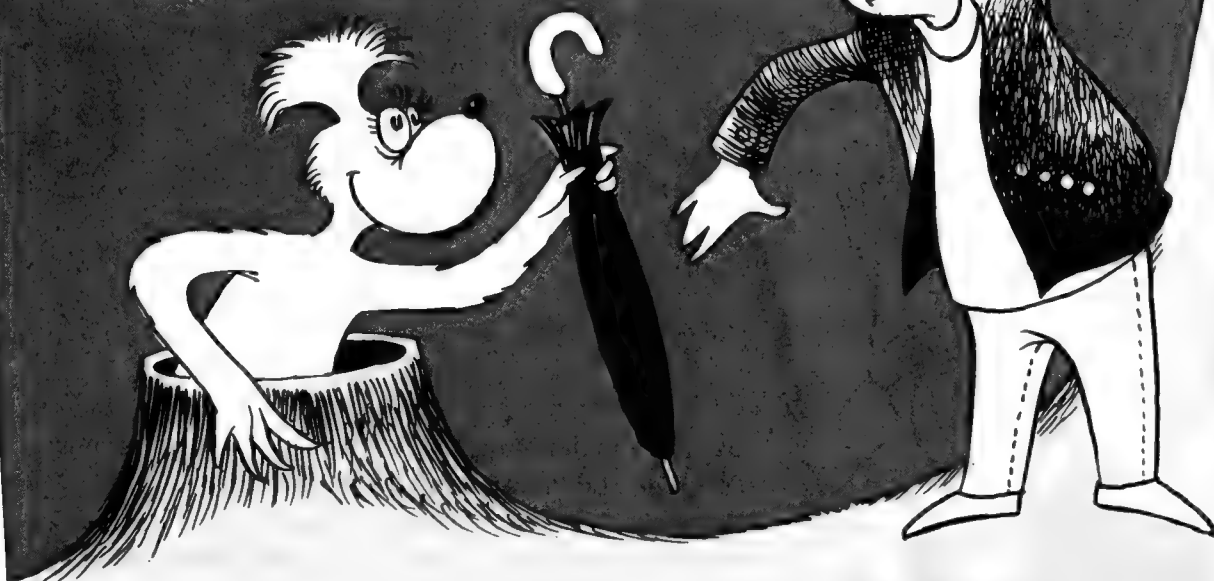
Too bad they didn't demote him to private, he could have gotten the whole fleet!

Although they found us not guilty, do you realize that by allowing a woman of 1987 into the 23rd Century, we violated one of the basic laws of time and space?

Yuhuhu, how long are you going to allow these space cadets to run your life?!? Let's stand up to these sexist pigs and demand our rights as women!

I see what you mean, Schlock! Next sequel, Galleon goes back!

The Real-Life, TELL-IT- LIKE-IT-IS Dr. Seuss



The story's for kids who once dug Dr. Seuss,
But now feel that his tales have no practical use;
So let's hope that these pages are more on the mark,
With rhymes by FRANK JACOBS and pics by BOB CLARKE!



This mixed-up young fellow is Gregory Green,
 Whose folks were divorced when he'd just turned 13.
 His Dad's very keen on a Waitress, Doreen,
 Once the wife of Eugene, who's now wed to Maxine.
 His Mom lives with Dean, on the outs with Eileen,
 Who brought home a Marine whom she met in Racine.
 Doreen has three kids, Elmer, Gus and Irene,
 And may soon have a fourth, if you know what we mean.
 While Dean has two daughters, Pauline and Francine,
 Also two sets of twins from his first wife, Colleen.
 If you now understand this bewildering scene,
 Then we hope you'll explain it to Gregory Green!



Great Gumballs! Whatever's the matter with Clarence?
 It's 7 p.m. and he can't find his parents!
 His face is as sad as a basset-hound puppy's,
 Which happens when parents are high-powered Yuppies.
 His Dad, if you please, is a very big cheese,
 Making millions in fees from long trips overseas.
 His Mom's on the go, a VP, don't you know,
 Pulling down lots of dough for a big TV show.
 Their faces young Clarence can barely remember;
 The last time he saw them was back in September.
 He's now so fed up with this lonely routine
 That he'd even trade places with Gregory Green!



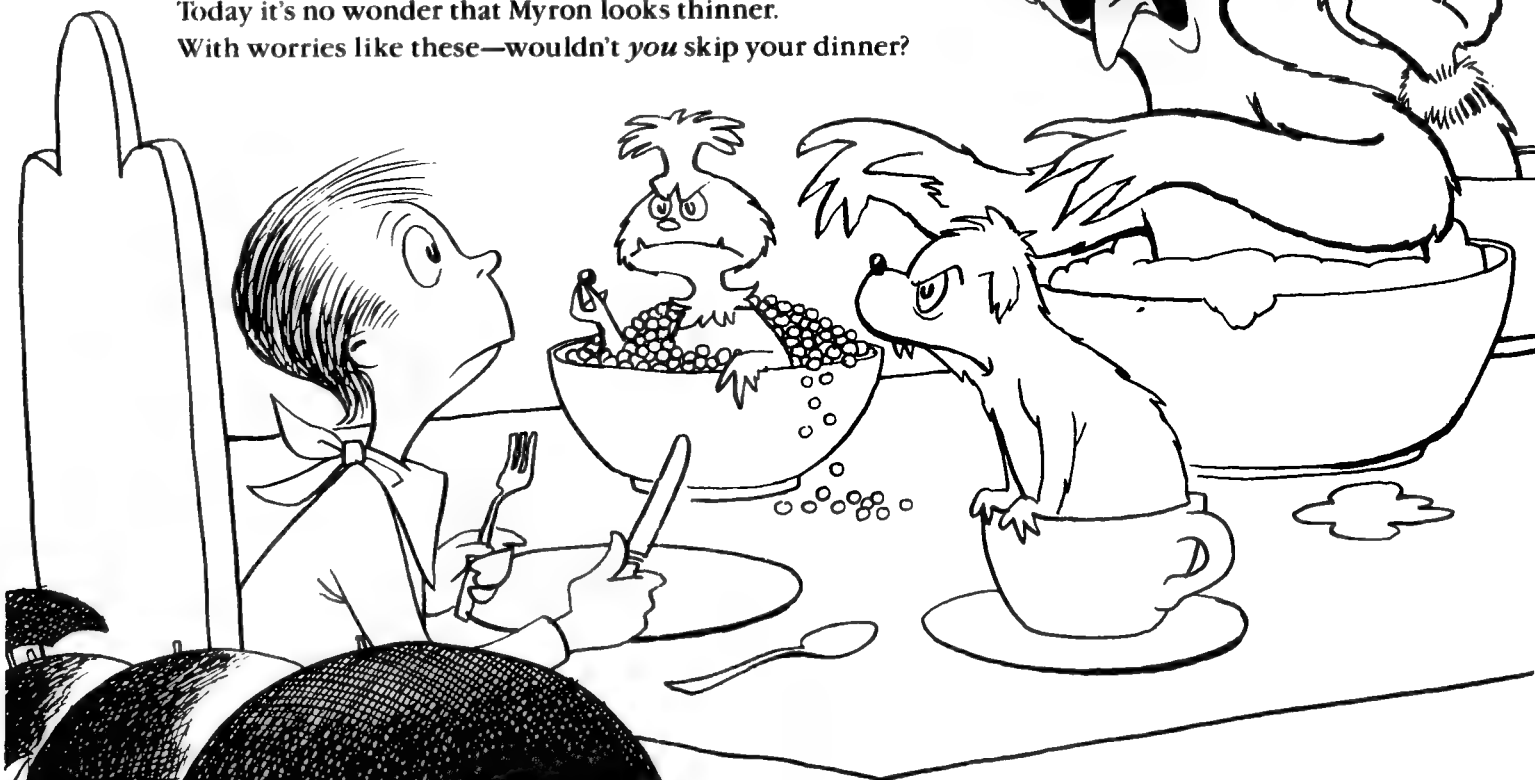
Have you heard of young Benjamin Brilligan Beales
Who wanted to purchase his first set of wheels?
He eyed a used '68 Chevy Deluxe,
But the bank wouldn't loan him the 600 bucks.
Well, Ben really wanted that snaffulous car,
So he sold his Atari and old VCR,
His 53 tapes of The Boss and Madonna,
His album of stamps from Zimbabwe and Ghana,
His autographed pic of Sylvester Stallone,
His seven-speed bike and his Mickey Mouse phone.
When he counted the proceeds, he felt very grand,
Holding 600 bucks in his hot little hand.
Let's hope that young Ben isn't lacking endurance;
He'll need twice as much for the cost of insurance!



At the age of 15, Steven Sedgwick St. Surls,
Loves to spend his free time with available girls.
His buddies agree he's a stud who can make out
With any young lady he's chosen to take out.
Now Steven's an expert on sex and seduction.
He's read tons of books and he's taken instruction.
He's learned what to say when he's turning on chicks.
He's mastered the moves and he knows all the tricks.
He's learned how to fondle and how to caress—
Now all that he needs is a girl who'll say "Yes."



When Myron McGee was a small boy of 3,
 A contented, well-nourished young toddler was he.
 But when he turned 7, he learned folks had died
 From cholesterol, starches and foods that are fried.
 At 10, he was told that caffeine is a killer,
 That salt makes you ill and that fats make you iller.
 At 12, he heard peas cause a dreadful disease
 Like the one people get from raw oysters and cheese,
 Not to mention sclerosis from pork, beef, and lamb,
 And the threat to your kidneys from green eggs and ham!
 Today it's no wonder that Myron looks thinner.
 With worries like these—wouldn't *you* skip your dinner?



Zum-Ziggity-Zokkity-Zillory-Zoun!
 The rock group, Dried Meatball, is coming to town!
 Run lickity-split, 'cause they'll play ev'ry bit
 Of their Top-Forty hit, "When The World Turns To Spit!"
 Samantha Sue Skooper and Robert Ray Ricketts
 Have waited all night for the 20 buck tickets.
 They shiver, they quiver, but never complain
 Though they're chilled to the bone from the cold and the rain.
 More than 17, boring, long hours have passed
 When Samantha Sue shouts, "Hey, they're open at last!"
 They take out their money, so thrilled they could burst—
 And learn that the scalpers have gotten there first!



Stardate 8454: Actually it's Stardate 8763, but Schlock punched me in early so I could collect some overtime pay! I was on vacation, but I've been called back to the Boobyprize because there's an emergency—and I stupidly took the only set of ignition keys with me!

A renegade Vulcan named Crybook has taken three hostages on Numbskull II and we must rescue them!

You just summed up the plot in one sentence in this satire, but in the movie it took you 45 excruciating minutes!

That's because I was directing and getting paid by the minute!

Hold on to your gravity boots! We're blasting off to...



Stardate 8654, marked down from Stardate 8943: First Officer Schlock reporting for Captain Quirk. We've landed on Numbskull II.

That was a clever plan, Captain, having Ahorror dance naked in the sand! She has captured the attention of all the men who were guarding the hostages!

Unfortunately, she also captured the attention of all the men from the Boobyprize too, so we're on our own!



You fell right into my trap, Captain. These hostages are really my friends! We tricked you into bringing the Boobyprize here to Numbskull II!

And now that you've succeeded in luring us here?

You will take us on a perilous journey! To the planet of ShockTherapy at the center of the Great Barricade!

No way! That's too dangerous. "To boldly go where no man has gone before" is just a slogan for our tee shirts! We don't really mean it!



Stardate 8709: Damn! The years go by fast! I still keep writing Stardate 8708! We are on the planet of ShockTherapy! Crybook has this ridiculous notion that this is where God lives!

God, is that you?

No, I'm the Wizard of Oz! Of course I'm God, idiot!

And I say you are a false God!

Okay, so I had a hair transplant, and a nip and tuck here and there! Does that make me false?



Stardate 8808, but I might be a bit slow: The God on SchockTherapy proved to be a false God and we destroyed him. So the question remains: Is there a God? And if there is, would He allow this song to go on for what seems like 18 Vulcan summers!

ROW ROW ROW YOUR BOAT GENTLY DOWN THE STREAM MERRILY MERRILY MERRILY...
ROW ROW ROW YOUR BOAT GENTLY DOWN THE STREAM MERRILY...
ROW ROW ROW YOUR BOAT...





Stardate: 8902.234, or thereabouts. Real date: December, 1991. The S.S. Boobyprize and the box office receipts both go into orbit again with...

STAR BLECCH VI

THE UNINSPIRED CONTINUATION

I haven't been at the helm of the S.S. Boobyprize for many moons, but I can still handle her! Fortunately I had a rental craft just like the Boobyprize while on vacation!

The whole Starship crew is a little longer in the tooth these days, but our minds, they're sharp as a... as a... er, as sharp as an... apple?

This is one of our most important missions ever! We have to make the Kingkongs forget that we were once enemies, and the American public forget that we once made Star Blecch V! That was the most illogical movie I ever made!

Our instructions are to escort Kingkong Chancellor Gerkin to the International Conference on Universal Peace and The Intergalactic Bake-off. For safety, the exact location has not yet been disclosed. We just know it's a Motel 6 somewhere in the Universe! I just hope there's plenty of parking!

I'm glad we're all back together again. I was out in my own spaceship gathering gases. I got samples from Exxon, Texaco, Sunoco, Shell and Hess! Petty cash owes me a fortune!

The engines are ready, Captain! But please, not too much 'warp speed' this trip! I only have three men to shovel coal into the boilers! Not everything on this ship is as up to date as it could be!

I'm a new member of the crew. My name is Delirious. I not only graduated at the top of my class, I was also voted "Vulcan most likely to overhear important conversations"!

I never trusted Kingkongs and I never will! I can't forgive them for killing my son! Oh, Delirious! How long were you outside my room listening to me talk to myself?

Just long enough to hear you set up the sub-plot! I really didn't mean to overhear your conversation!

With those ears I would think it impossible for you not to overhear any conversation!

Chancellor Gerkin! Would you and your party care to dine as guests of the United Federation of Planets?

Will you be serving mashed potatoes?

No, we're serving Stove Top Stuffing!

Then we will definitely be there!

At last we meet, face to face!

Or should we say face to "weird face"!

This is my daughter, Is-a-bore and General Clang, my chief of staff. The others are just Kingkong groupies!

I won't bother to introduce my crew! When you leave you can have backpacks, lunch boxes and place mats with their names and pictures on them!

The universe, Captain Quirk, is just a club for homosapiens!

Wait a minute! Sure we wear tight clothing and wild leather boots, but let's not jump to any conclusions!

Captain Quirk, we did not have to pass through the metal detector when we boarded your ship! Why must we do it now?

We have to check for stolen silverware! Boobyprize forks, spoons and cutlery are worth a fortune on the Trekkie Fan Market!

Oh, you must tell me the name of the beautician who spot welds your hair!

Delirious, I believe I sense neutron radiation!

I'm hot for you too, Schlock!

Holy cow! Talk about your premature trajectories!

Did we just fire at the Chancellor's ship?!

Maybe we did, maybe we didn't! There's a lot going on, Captain! It's hard keeping track of every little thing!

Penal Asteroid
Snowjob—our
home for the
next 1,000 years!
Boy, is this
place desolate!

More desolate
than you
think, Captain!
They don't
even have a Gap!

No Gap?!?
Impossible!
How do
people on
this planet
make a living?

It
ain't
easy,
pal!
Ice
cream?

I've never met
anyone like you!
One minute you're
an animal and the
next minute you're
a beautiful woman!

You should talk!
One minute you're
the Captain and the
next you're an
animal! But I love
it! Cigarette?

Stardate 9433: Where is the time going! We escaped
from the Papier Mâché Mines, but Moody, the female
who helped us, not only turned out to be against
us, but turned out to look exactly like me!

How did you
know which
Quirk was the
real one?

I took a
shot! I
had a 50-50
chance!

I like the idea of two
Quirks! I can film
Star Blech and Rescue
911 at the same time!

Stardate 2001, and a little: We beamed back to
the Boobyprize and discovered that Desirous is
plotting with Admiral Cartwheel and Clang to
assassinate the head of the peace conference!

We must get to the
peace conference
by 980.894! Can we
do it, Snotty?

Possibly, but if we
hit one red light,
we'll never make it.
Man the boilers, men!

Talk about Warp
speed! In one
panel we went
to the peace
conference,
prevented an
assassination
and came back!

And what
did we
get
for our
troubles?

Nothing!
Starfleet
says we
should
put the
Boobyprize
in mothballs!

They didn't
say to
put the
crew in
mothballs,
did they?

No, they
said the
crew
should
be put
in
Formalde-
hyde!

Us retire? Never! Of
course, after 25
years, finding new
experiences is
tough! Schlock,
you're Mister Know-
It All! What lies
ahead for us?

Lumbago...
Bursitis...
Arthritis...
Rheumatism...
Sounds great!
Set course for
...er, I forget!

Alzheimer's
Yes! The
Alzheimer's
Galaxy!
Warp
Factor
Two!

BREAKING HABITS



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTS

ECONOMICS



SCHOOL SPIRIT



R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

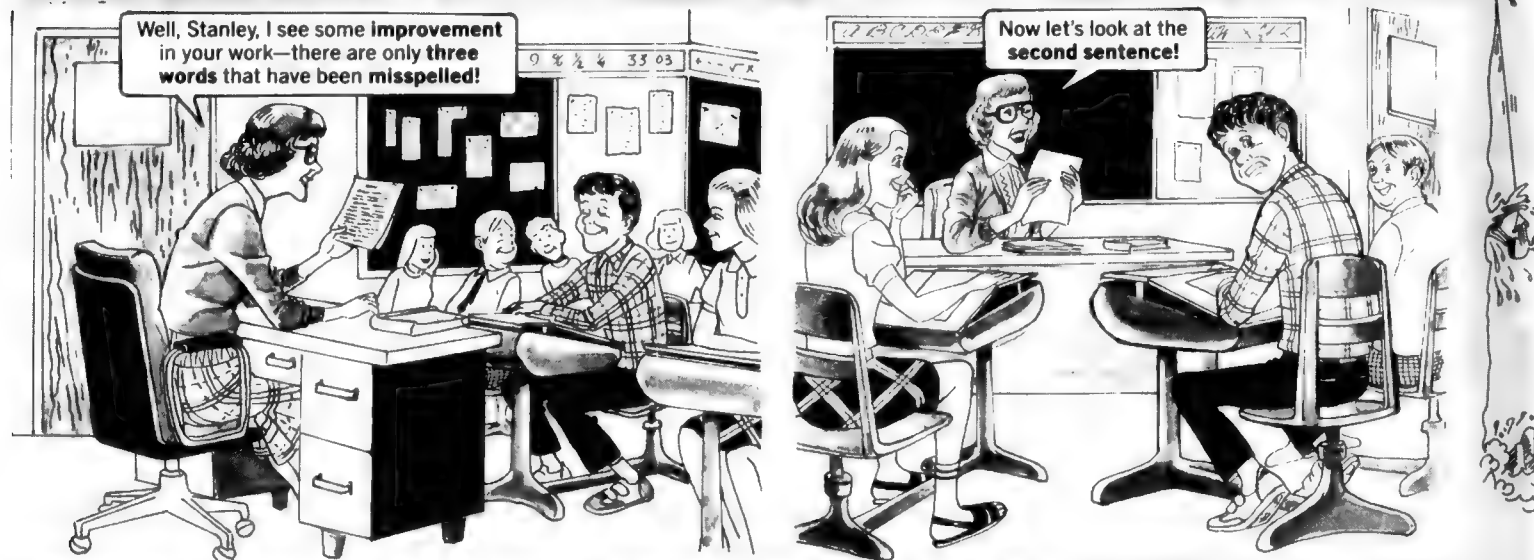
DIVORCE



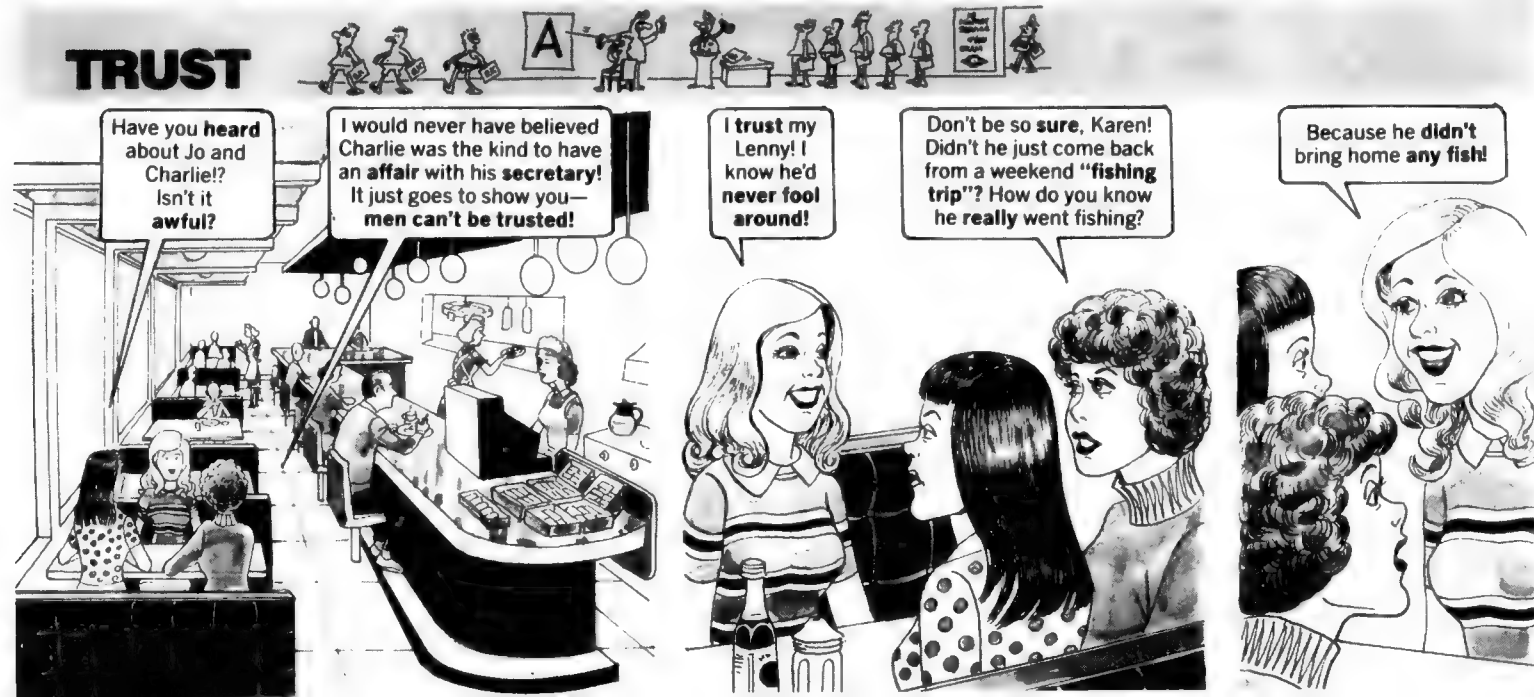
CRISES



IMPROVEMENT



TRUST





COOKING



CLEANLINESS



GIRL WATCHING



IS EVERYTHING THAT'S "NEW" AND "MODERN" A GIANT STEP FORWARD FOR MANKIND?

FOLLOW UP REPO

ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

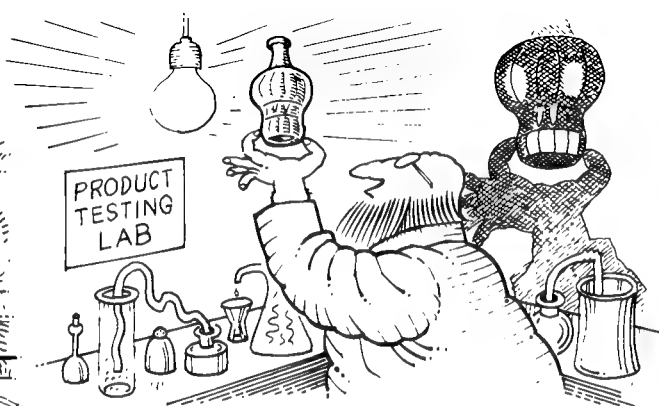


In the old days when you were out and the house was empty, important messages were never communicated.

Now, with the advent of the phone answering machine, messages are always communicated!



It wasn't very long ago that the only kind of soda you could buy was the kind loaded with sugar that would rot all your teeth.



Today's soda is sugar free! However it does contain nutrasweet, saccharine and other wonderful modern chemicals!



In the old days, you couldn't place a long distance call without the assistance of an operator.

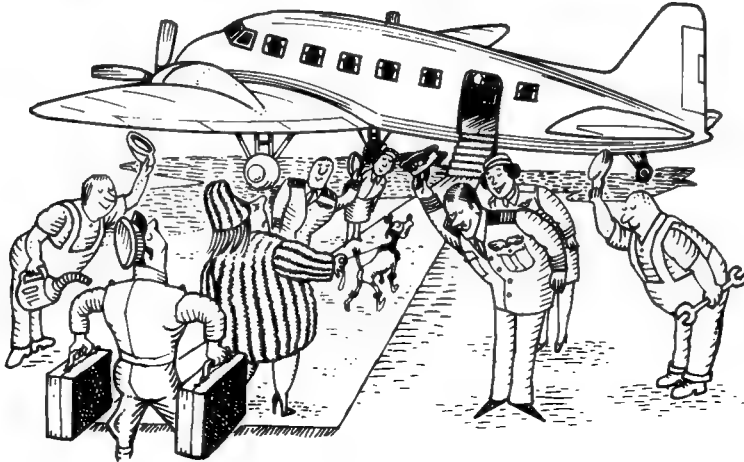


Today, with modern touch tone phone systems, you can call long distance with no assistance at all!

A TINY STEP FORWARD FOR WOMANKIND? YOU BE THE JUDGE AS YOU NOW READ MAD'S

RT ON PROGRESS

WRITER: DICK DeBARTOLO



Back in the days of propeller planes, air travel was only for the rich and affluent.



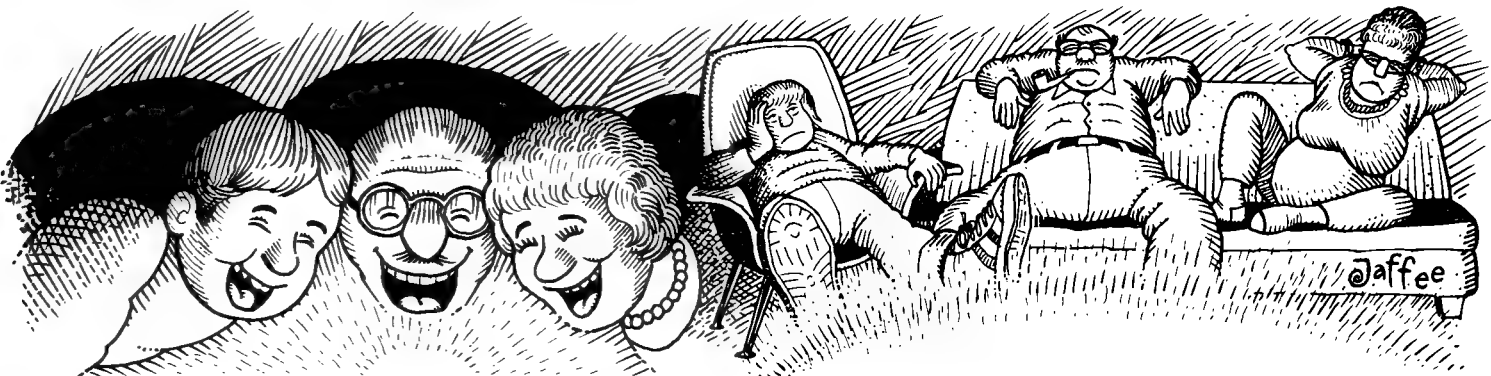
Today, thanks to so many airlines putting so many planes in the sky, air travel is cheap and many more people can afford to fly.



Not long ago, the only portable entertainment you could carry was a small mono radio.



Today, with miniature portable stereo systems with headphones, you can be in a world all your own.



Years ago, entire families gathered around a little four-inch, black and white tv set to watch the great stars of the day—Sid Caesar, Uncle Miltie and Jackie Gleason.

Today, we have 40-inch, full color projection television sets in stereo that families can gather around to watch the great stars of the day—Merv Griffin, Alan Thicke and Ed McMahon.

ABANDON HOPE, ALL YE WHO ENTERPRISE DEPT.

Captain's Log, Stardate 5748! We are highly advanced and living in the 24th Century! War no longer exists in the galaxy! Our ship, the new U.S.S. Boobyprize, is eight times larger, has double the leg-room and gets three times the mileage! Yet, despite our improved special effects and built-in "name appeal," we are not getting boffo reviews! Is it any wonder that we are being called:

MARS
SAYS NO
TO DRUGS

I'm Dr. Lovely Cruncher! Thanks to my research, we have wiped out the scourge of Andromeda Tongue Rot and Stellar Fungus! Now, if we can only wipe out the scourge of Inter-galactic Blue Cross and Blue Shield Forms!

I'm Security Chief Tusha Yarp! I come from a violent and aggressive sector of the universe where life was a constant battle for survival! Hey, it's not easy growing up poor in Beverly Hills!

I'm Captain Jaunt Fluke Retard! Some say I'm dull, but whatever I lack in leadership, I make up for in good looks! While it's true I usually send Number One on the really dangerous missions, my contribution should not be overlooked—I do one heck of a Mr. Clean impression at the annual Boobyprize Christmas party!


I'm Pestly Cruncher, your average 15-year old scientific wizard and space prodigy! I have an almost perfect brain. It would have been considered totally perfect, but I agreed to sign on with this crew!

I'm Dada, a highly advanced android! My body can do anything a human body can! I belch, give off body odor and throw up after eating Romulan food! Still, the others here regard me as different! Maybe that's because I've been programmed with a personality!

WE BRAKE
FOR
MILKY WAYS

STAR BLEECH

THE NEXT DEGRADATION



I'm Linoleum Wiper! Though I'm second in command, Captain Retard insists on calling me "Number One"! Then again, at breakfast this morning, he ordered a V-9 Vegetable Juice! What can I say? The captain is great at space exploration but lousy with numbers!

I'm Counselor Nirvana Floy. Half human and half alien! I'm into psychic phenomena and ESP, which in my case stands for Extra-Sensual-Proportions! I can't explain it, but I feel things no one else feels, especially in crowded elevators!

I'm Barf, a Klinton! I may seem unattractive to you, but back home I'm considered a hunk! In the old, war-filled days, I'd have been vicious and merciless, but now I'm a mere toadie taking orders from inferior Earthlings! Boy, give peace a chance and it will bust your chops!

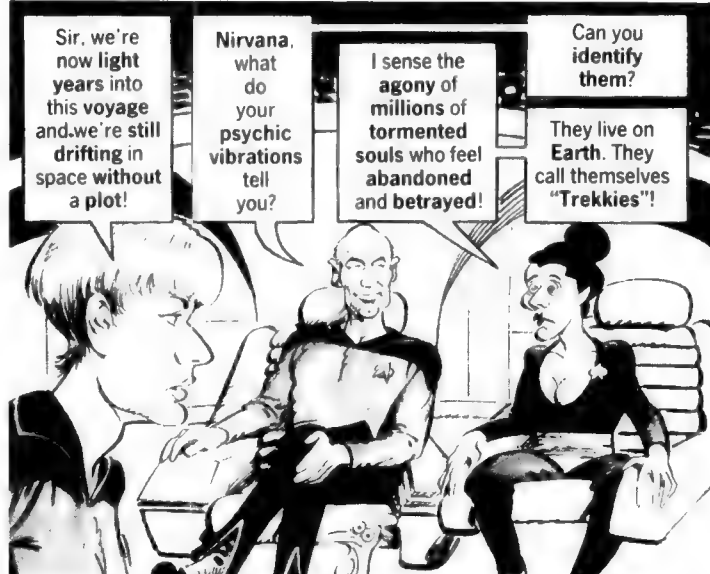
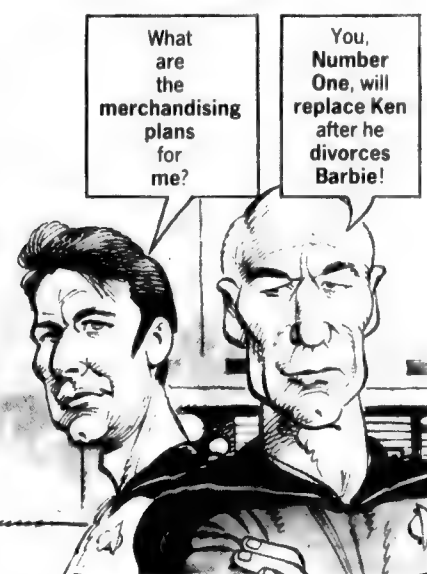
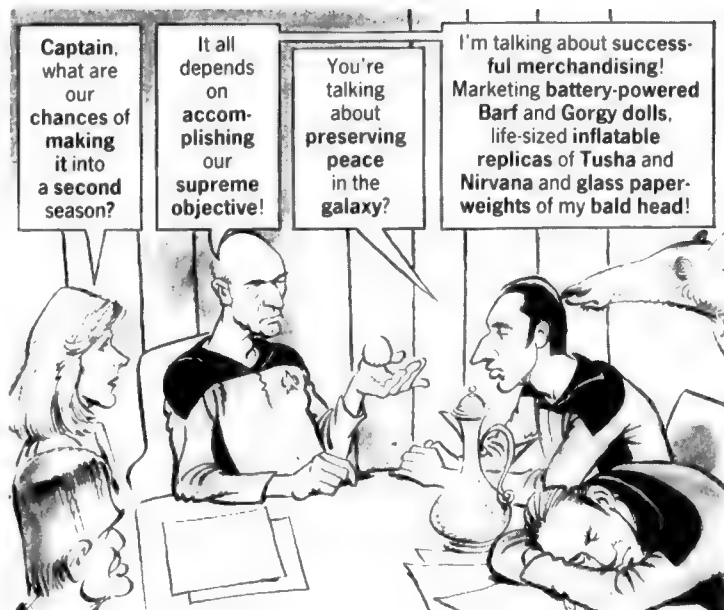
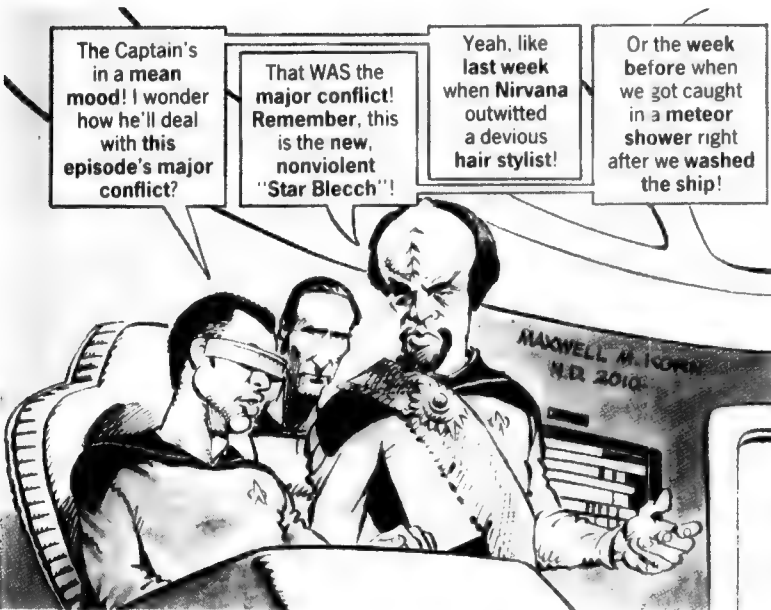
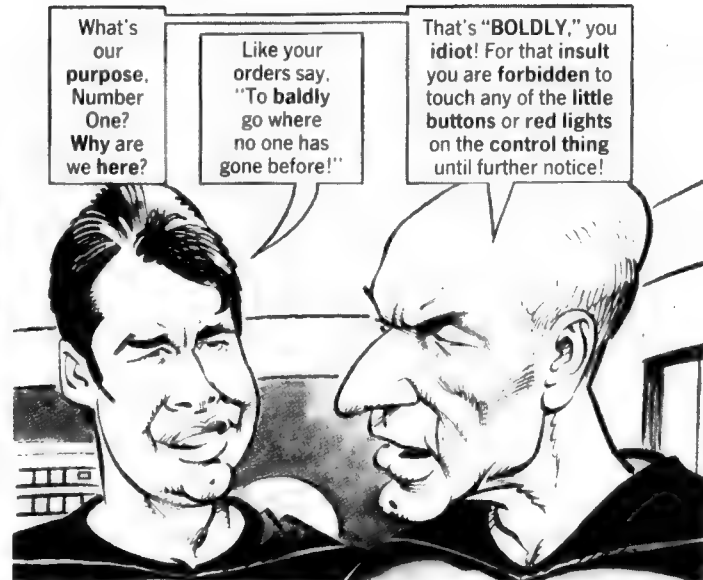
THE BRIDGE

I'm Lt. Gorgy La Farce! This visual aid I'm wearing may make me look like an intergalactic Stevie Wonder, but it lets me detect images that conventional eyes can't see! While the others are looking for space freighters, I'm grooving on X-rated mutant flicks and "Star Wars" videos!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

DRUCKER 77





I'm Khan, and you shall feel my wrath!

Sorry, old chap, but we don't allow wrath anymore! We tolerate snits, tizzys and an occasional grunt of displeasure, but wrath is strictly a no-no!

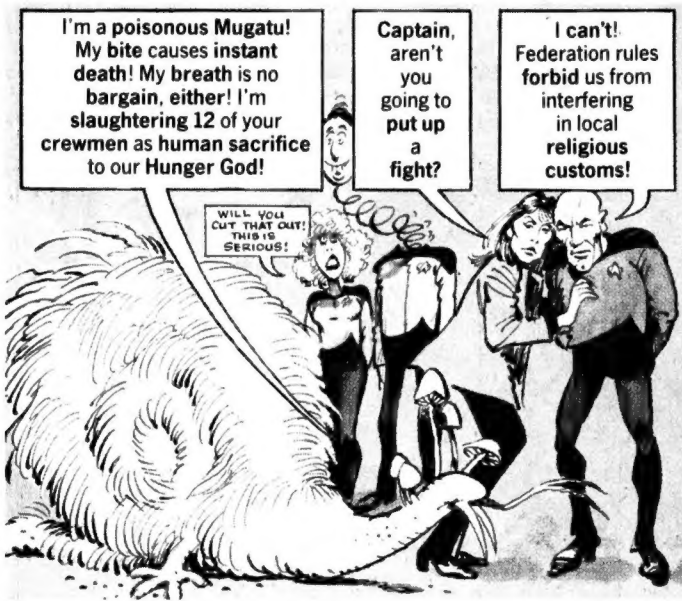


Khan is torturing Nirvana! What shall we do?!

Have our ship's lawyer write him a strong letter!

Isn't that rather drastic?

Yes, but we don't want to look like wimps!



I'm a poisonous Mugatu! My bite causes instant death! My breath is no bargain, either! I'm slaughtering 12 of your crewmen as human sacrifice to our Hunger God!

Captain, aren't you going to put up a fight?

I can't! Federation rules forbid us from interfering in local religious customs!

WILL YOU CUT THAT OUT! THIS IS SERIOUS!



I'm Kor, pride of the Klinkons! What's a soul-brother like you doing in a place like this? Why aren't you out killing and destroying?

The Federation's been good to me! Great salary, one light-year paid vacation, free medical, and I earn triple bonus mileage on all intergalactic missions!

I can't believe it—a Yuppie Klinkon!



Sir, we've been invaded by Tribbles, and they're multiplying!

Creatures that multiply? See how they do with 354 x 14,526! That should keep them busy!

I mean they're reproducing every few seconds! Soon there'll be millions of them all over the ship! What'll we do?

Have the crew snap into action! Lovely, organize round-the-clock family planning seminars! Dada—have engineering beam up a dozen Dr. Ruth videos! And tell security to set phasers on "spay"!

RIGHT ON, DOC!

Sir, we've got visual contact with Starfleet Command!

This is the Booby-prize, and we're in big trouble!

You're in trouble?! I'm being audited by Internal Galactic Revenue, my kid's snorting asteroid dust, and my wife just ran off with a Troglydite!

Dreadfully sorry, but we could use some help!

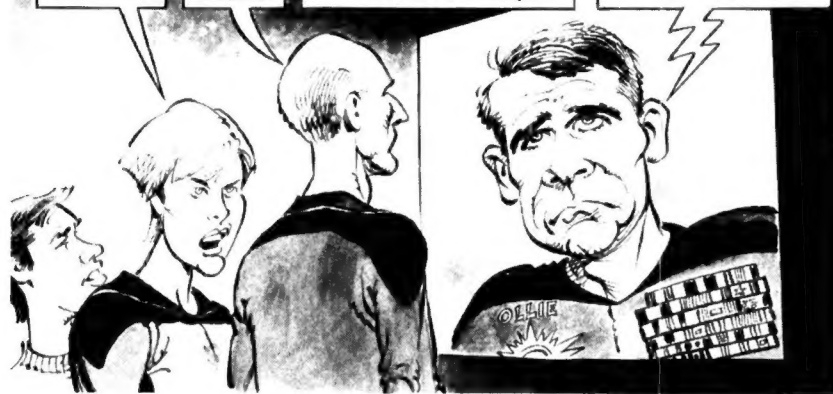
Forget it! We've got five ships in the hangar waiting for parts, and the rest were recalled by the factory! I told 'em to stick with earth products, but they wanted cheap imports!

Now then, what is the damage report, Pestly?

Every-thing is all messed up, sir!

Be specific, you little idiot! The thingamajigs are broken, the whatchamacallits are gone, and there's junk all over the doohickies!

Oh my God, we really are in trouble!



Dada, how do you explain these attacks on our ship?

According to my systems, they're being masterminded by some terrifying entity from the past!

But who could it be?!

It could be anyone—Napoleon, Attila the Hun, Sean Penn—anyone!

Look! On the screen! There is your answer, sir!

This is Captain James T. Quirk of the original Boobyprize! This galaxy isn't big enough for us both!

But you and your crew died nearly a century ago!

We still live in syndication! We can't let you exist in our space and muscle in on our merchandising! Not even your advanced special effects can save you! Good-bye and good riddance! Mr. Sumu, fire when ready!



COULD BE A HIJACKED SHIP OR AN EASTERN JET!



Well, gentlemen—any comments? Bones?

I'm a doctor, dammit, not a critic! Even so, their condition was terminal! You did the humane thing!

Mr. Schlock?

Doomed from the start! You merely did the logical thing and spared viewers additional agony!

My sentiments, exactly! That's what happens when you try to **BLANDLY** go where others have gone before "**boldly**"—and much better!

THAT GOES FOR SCOTTY TOO, MR. CAPTAIN!



**WHERE CAN
YOU FIND THE
MOST DAZZLING,
COLORFUL
WILDLIFE ON
DISPLAY?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

The world's wildlife forms a kaleidoscope of color and design. To find out where you can see the world's most eye boggling examples, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**ANIMALS COME IN MANY COLORS AND DESIGNS. TO GET A
REAL FEEL FOR THIS WE MUST GO WHERE ANIMALS FLOCK
IN GREAT NUMBERS. ONLY IN SUCH LARGE
CONCENTRATIONS WE CAN SEE NATURE'S VIVID WORKS OF ART.**

**WRITER AND ARTIST:
AL JAFFEE**

A▶

◀B

FREE CAR WINDOW BONUS!*



*CAR NOT INCLUDED.